THE Shoomakers Holiday,

OR THE

GENTLE-CRAFT.

With the humorous life of *Simon Eyre*,
Shooe-maker, and Lord Maior of
LONDON.

As it was Acted before the Queens most excellent Majesty on New-years-day at night, by the right Honorable Earl of *Nottingham*, Lord high Admiral of *England*, his Servants.

LONDON:
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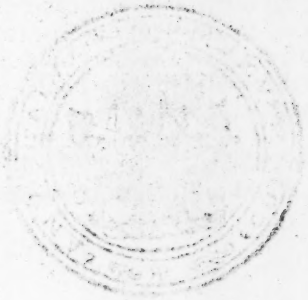

To all good Fellows, Profeſſours of *the Gentle-Craft, of what degree ſoever.*

KInde Gentlemen, and honeſt boon Companions; I preſent you here with a merry conceited Comedie, called, *The Shoomakers Holiday*, Acted by my Lord Admirals Players at a Chriſtmas time, before the Queens moſt excellent Majeſty. For the mirth and pleaſant matter, by her Highneſs graciouſly accepted, being indeed no way offenſive. The Argument of the Play I will ſet down in this Epiſtle. Sir *Hugh Lacy* Earl of *Lincoln*, had a young Gentleman of his own name his neer Kinſman, that loved the Lord Maiors daughter of *London*; to prevent and croſs which love, the Earl cauſed his Kinſman to be ſent Colonell of a Company into *France*, who reſigned his place to another Gentleman his friend, and came diſguiſed like a Dutch Shoomaker, to the Houſe of *Simon Eyre* in Tower-ſtreet, who ſerved the Maior and his houſhold with ſhooes. The merriments that paſſed in *Eyres* houſe, his comming to be Maior of London; *Lacy's* getting his Love, and other accidents. Take all in good worth that is well intended, for nothing is purpoſed but mirth, mirth lengtheneth long life, which with all other bleſſings, I heartily wiſh you.

Farewell.

The Prologue,
As it was pronounced before the *Queens Majeſty*.

AS wretches in a Storme (expecting day)
With trembling hands, and eyes caſt up to Heaven,
Make prayers the Anchor of their conquered hopes,
So we (dear Goddeſs, wonder of all eyes)
Your meaneſt Vaſſals (through miſtruſt and fear,
To ſink into the bottome of diſgrace
By our imperfect paſtimes) proſtrate thus
On bended knees, our ſayles of hope do ſtrike,
Dreading the bitter ſtormes of your diſlike.
Since then (unhappy men) our hap is ſuch,
That to our ſelves our ſelves no help can bring,
But needs muſt periſh, if your Saint-like eares
(Locking the Temple where all mercy ſits)
Refuſe the tribute of our begging tongues.
O grant (bright mirrour of true Chaſtity)
From thoſe life-breathing Stars, your Sun-like eyes,
One gracious ſmile: for your celeſtiall breath
Muſt ſend us life, or ſentence us to death.

A pleaſant Comedy of the *Gentle-Craft.*

Enter Lord Maior, Lincolne.

Lincolne.

My Lord Maior, you have ſundry times
Feaſted my ſelf, and many Courtiers more,
Seldome or never can we be ſo kind,
To make requitall of your courteſie:
But leaving this I hear my Couſin Lacy,
Is much affected to your Daughter Roſe.

L. Ma. True my good Lord, and ſhe loves him ſo well,
That I miſlike her boldneſs in the Chace.

Lin. Why my Lord Maior, think you it then a ſhame,
To joyn a Lacy with an Oteley's name?

Lord Maior. The mean is my poor Girl for his high birth,
Poor Citizens muſt not with Courtiers wed,
Who will in Silks, and apparel ſpend
More in one year, than I am worth by far,
Therefore your Honour need not doubt my Girle.

Lincoln. Take heed my Lord, adviſe you what you do,
A verier Unthrift lives not in the world,
Then is my Couſin, for I tell you what,
'Tis now almoſt a year ſince he requeſted,
To travel Countries for experience.
I furniſht him with Coyn, Bills of exchange,
Letters of credit, men to wait on him,
Soliciting my friends in Italy
Well to reſpect him: but ſee the end:
Scant had he journeyed through half Germany,

But

But all his coyne was spent, his men cast off,
His bills imbezeled, and my jolly Cuze
Asham'd to shew his bankrupt presence here,
Became a Shoomaker in Wittemberge,
A goodly Science for a Gentleman
Of such descent: now judge the rest by this.
Suppose your daugh'er have a thousand pound,
He did consume more in one halfe yeare,
And make him heire to all the wealth you have,
One twelve moneths ryoting will waste it all,
Then seeke my Lord some honest Citizen
To wed your daughter to.

L. Maior. I thank your Lordship,
Well For, I understand your subtilty,
As for your Nephew, let your Lordships eye
But watch his actions, and you need not feare,
For I have sent my Daughter far enough,
And yet your Cosen Rowland might do well,
Now he hath learn'd an Occupation,
And yet I scorne to call him son in Law.

Lincolne. But I have a better trade for him
I thanke his Grace he hath appointed him
Chiefe Colonell of all those Companies
Mustred in London, and the shieres about,
To serve his Highnesse in those warres of France:
See where he comes: Lovell what news with you?

Enter Lovell, Lacy, and Askew.

Lovell. My Lord of Lincolne, 'tis his Highnesse will,
That presently your Cousin ship for France
With all his powers, he would not for a million,
But they should land at Deepe within four dayes.

Lincoln. Go certifie his Grace it shall be done,
Now Cousin Lacy in what forwardnes
Are all your Companies?

Lacy. All well prepar'd,
The men of Hartfordshire are at Mile-end,
Suffolk and Essex train in Tuttle-Fields,
The Londoners and those of Middlesex,

All

All gallantly prepar'd in Finsbury,
With frolick spirits long for their parting hour.
L.Ma. They have their Impress, Coats and furniture,
And if it please your Cousin Lacy come
To the Guild-hall, he shall receive his pay,
And twenty pounds besides, my Brethren
Will freely give him, to approve our loves
We bear unto my Lord your Uncle here.
Lacy. I thank your Honour.
Lincoln. Thanks my good Lord Maior.
L.Ma. At the Guildhall we will expect your coming. Exit.
Linc. To approve your loves to me? no subtilty
Nephew: that twenty Pound he doth bestow
For joy to see you from his Daughter Rose:
But Cousins both, now here are none but friends,
I would not have you cast an amorous eye
Upon so mean a project as the love
Of a gay wanton painted Citizen,
I know this Churle even in the height of scorne,
Doth hate the mixture of his blood with thine:
I pray thee do thou so remember Coze
What honorable fortunes wait on thee,
Increase the Kings love which so brightly shines,
And gilds thy hopes: I have no heire but thee,
And yet not thee, if with a wayward spirit,
Thou start from the true bias of my love.
Lacy. My Lord I will, for honour, not desire
Of lands or livings, (or to be your heir)
So guide my actions in pursuit of France,
As shall adde glory to the Lacyes name.
Lin. Coze, For those words here's thirty Portugues,
And Nephew Askew there's a fee for you,
Faire honour in her loftiest eminence,
Stayes in France for you till you fetch her thence.
Then Nephew clap swift wings on your designes,
Be gone, be gone make hast to the Guild-hall,
There presently I'le meet you, do not stay,
Where honour becomes, shame attends delay. Exit.

Ask.

Askew. How gladly would your Uncle have you gone?

Lacy. True Coze, but I'le ore-reach his policies,
I have some serious businesse for three dayes,
Which nothing but my presence can dispatch,
You therefore Cousin, with the Companies
Shall hast to Dover, there I'le meet with you,
Or if I stay past my prefixed time,
Away for France, wee'l meet in Normandie:
The twentie pounds my Lord Mayor gives to me,
You shall receive, and these ten Portugues,
Part of mine Uncles thirtie, gentle Coze.
Have care to our great charge, I know your wisdome
Hath tride it self in higher consequence.

Ask. Coze, all my self am yours, yet have this care,
To lodge in London with all secresie,
Our Uncle Lincolne hath (beleeve his owne)
Many a jealous eye, that in your face
Stares onely to watch meanes for your disgrace.

Enter Sy. Eyre, his wife, Hodge, Firk, Jane, and Rafe with a peece.

Eyre. Leave whining, leave whining, away with this whimpering, this pulting, these blubbering teares, and these wet eyes, I'le get thy husband discharged, I warrant thee, sweet Jane: go to.

Hodg. Master here be the Captaines.

Eyre. Peace Hodg, hush you knave, hush.

Firk. Here be the Cavaliers and the Coronells, master.

Eyre. Peace Firk, peace my fine Firk, stand by with your pithery pathery, away, I am a man of the best presence, I'le speak to them an they were Popes. Gentlemen, Captains, Colonels, Commanders, Knavesmen, brave leaders, may it please you to give me audience; I am Symon Eyre the mad Shoomaker of Tower-street, this wench with the mealy mouth is my wife, I can tell you: Here's Hodg my man, and my foreman; here's Firk my fine firking Journey-man, and this his blubbered Jane, all we come to be sutors for this honest Rafe, keep him at home, and as I am a true Shoomaker, and a Gentleman of the Gentle Craft, buy spurres your self, and I'le finde you boots these seven yeares,

Wife,

Wife. Seven yeares husband?

Eyre: Peace Midriffe, peace, I know what I do, peace.

Firke. Truly master Cozmozant, you shall do God good service to let Rafe and his wife stay together, she's a young new maried woman, if you take her husband away from her a night, you undo her, she may beg in the day time, for he's as good a workeman at a pricke and awle, as any is in our Trade.

Jane. O let him stay, else I shall be undone.

Firke. Trulie, she shall be laid a one side like a paire of old shooes else, and be occupied for no use.

Lacy: Truly my friends it lies not in my power;
The Londoners are prest, paid, and set forth
By the Lord Mayor, I cannot change a man.

Hodge. Why then you were as good be a Corporall as a Colonell, if you cannot discharge one good fellow, and I tell you true, I thinke you do more then you can answer, to presse a man wi hin a yeare and a day of his marriage.

Eyre. Well said melancholy Hodge, gramarcie my fine fore-man.

Wife. Truly Gentleman it were ill done for such as you to stand so stiffely against a poor young wife, considering her case, she is newly maried; but let that passe: I pray deal not roughlie with her, her husband is a young man, and but newly entred, but let that passe.

Eyre. Away with your pithery pathery, your pols, and your edipols, peace Midasse, silence Cisly Bumtrinket, let your head speake.

Firke. Yea and the hornes too, master.

Eyre. Too soon my fine Firke, too soon: peace scoundrels, see you this man? Captaines, you will not release him, well, let him go, he is a proper shot, let him vanish: peace Jane, dry up thy tears, they'l make his powder dank; take him brave men, Hector of Troy was a Hackney to him, Hercules and Termagant scoundrels, Prince Arthurs round Table, by the Lord of Ludgate, never fed such a tall, such a dapper swordman, by the life of Pharoh, a brave resolute swordman: peace Jane, I say no more, mad knaves.

Firke. See ſee Hodge, how my maſter raves in commendation of Rafe.

Hodge. Rafe thou'rt a gull by this hand thou goeſt not.

Ask. I am glad (good maſter Eyre) it is my hap
To meet ſo reſolute a ſouldier:
Truſt me, for your report and love to him,
A common ſleight regard ſhall not reſpect him.

Lacy. Is thy name Rafe?

Rafe. Yes ſir.

Lacy. Give me thy hand,
Thou ſhalt not want as I am a Gentleman.
Woman be patient, God (no doubt) will ſend
Thy husband ſafe againe, but he muſt go,
His Countries quarrell ſaies it muſt be ſo.

Hodge. Thou'rt a gull by my ſtirrop, if thou doſt not go,
I will not have thee ſtrike thy gimlet into theſe weake veſſels,
pricke thine enemies Rafe. Enter Dodger.

Dodger. My Lord your Uncle on the Tower-hill
Stayes with the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen,
And doth requeſt you with all ſpeed you may
To haſten thither. Exit Dodger.

Askew. Coſen, come let us go.

Lacy. Dodger, run you before, tell them we come:
This Dodger is my Uncles parraſite,
The arranſt varlet that ere breath'd on earth,
He ſets more diſcord in a noble houſe
By one days broaching in his pick-hanke tales,
Then can be falu'd againe in twentie yeares,
And he I feare ſhall go with us to France,
To prie into our actions.

Askew. Therefore Cuz,
It ſhall behove you to be circumſpect,

Lacy. Feare not good Cozen. Rafe, hie to your Colours.

Rafe. I muſt becauſe there is no remedy,
But gentle maſter and my loving dame,
As you have alwayes beene a friend to me,
So in my abſence take upon my wife.

Jane. Alas my Rafe.

Wife

Wife. She cannot ſpeake for weeping.

Eyre. Peace you crackt groats, you muſtard tokens diſquiet not the braue ſouldier, go thy wayes Rafe.

Jane. I, I, you bid him go, what ſhall I do when he is gon?

Fir. Why be doing with me or my fellow Hodge, be not idle.

Eyre. Let me ſee thy hand Jane, this fine hand, this white hand, theſe pretty fingers muſt ſpin, muſt card, muſt worke. worke you bumbaſt cotten candle Queane, worke for your liuing with a pox to you. Hold thee Rafe, here's fiue ſixpences for thee, fight for the honour of the Gentle Craft, for the Gentlemen Shomakers, the couragious Cordwainers, the flower of S. Martins, the mad knaues of Bedlam, Fleetſtreet, Towerſtreet and White-Chappell, cracke me the crownes of the French knaues, a pox on them, cracke them, fight by the Lord of Ludgate, fight my fine boy.

Firke. Here Rafe, here's two twopences, to carry into France, the third ſhall waſh our ſoules at parting (for ſorrow is dry) for my ſake firke the Baſa mon cues.

Hodge. Rafe, I am heauy at parting but here's a shilling for thee. God ſend thee to cram thy ſlops with French crownes and thy enemies bellies with bullets.

Rafe. I thanke ye maſter, and I thanke you all:
Now gentle wife, my louly Jane,
Rich men at parting giue their wiues rich gifts,
Jewells and rings to grace their lilly hands,
Thou know'ſt our trade makes rings for womens heeles:
Here take theſe pare of ſhooes cut out by Hodge,
Stitcht by my fellow Firke, ſeam'd by my ſelfe,
Made up and pinct with letters for thy name,
Weare them my deare Jane, for thy huſbands ſake,
And every morning when thou put'ſt them on,
Remember me, and pray for my returne;
Make much of them for I have made them ſo,
That I can know them from a thouſand mo.

Sound Drum. Enter L. Mayor, Lincolne, Lacy, Askew, Dodger and ſouldiers: they paſs over the Stage, Rafe fals in amongſt them, Firke and the reſt cry farewell, &c. and ſo exeunt.

Enter Rose *alone making a garland.*

Rose. Here sit thou down upon this flowrie banke,
And make a garland for thy Lacy's head,
These Pinkes, these Roses, and these Violets,
These blushing Gillyflowers, these Marigolds.
The faire embroidery of his Coronet,
Carrie not halfe such beautie in their cheekes,
As the sweet countenance of my Lacy doth.
O my most unkinde Father! O my starres!
Why lour'd you so at my Nativitie.
To make me love, yet live rob'd of my love?
Here as a thrall am I imprisoned
(For my deare Lacy's sake) within those walles,
Which by my Fathers cost were builded up
For better purposes: here must I languish
For him that doth as much lament (I know) *Enter Sibill.*
Mine absence, as for him I pine in woe.

Sibill. Good morrow young Mistris, I am sure you make that garland for me, against I shall be Lady of the harvest.

Rose. Sibill, what news at London?

Sib. None but good: my Lord Mayor your Father, and master Philpot your Uncle, and master Scot your Cosen, and Mistris Frigbottome by Doctors Commons, do all by troth send you most hearty commendations.

Rose. Did Lacy send kinde greetings to his love?

Sib. O yes, out of cry by my troth, I scant knew him, here a wore a scarfe, and here a scarfe, here a bunch of feathers, and here pretious stones and Jewels, and a pare of garters: O monstrous like one of our yellow silke Curtaines, at home here in Old ford house, here in master Bellymounts chamber. I stood at our doore in Corne-hill, lookt at him, he at me indeed, speake to him, but he to me not a word, marry gip thought I with a wanton, he past by me as proud, marry foh, are you grown humorous thought I? and so shut the doore and in I came.

Rose. O Sibill, how dost thou my Lacy wrong?
My Rowland is as gentle as a lambe,

No

No Dove was half so mild as he.

Sibill. Mild? yea as a bushel of stamgt crabs, he looke upon me as sowre as verjuice: go thy wayes thought I, thou mayst be much in my Gaskins, but nothing in my neather-Stocks: this is your fault Mistris, to love him that loves not you, he thinks scorn to do as he's done to, but if I were as you, Ide cry, Go by Jeronemo go by; Ide set my old debts against my new driblets, and the Hares foot against the Gooſe-giblets; for if ever I sigh when sleep I should take, Pray God I may loose my Maidenhead when I wake.

Roſe. Will my Love leave me then and go to France?

Sibill. I know not that, but I am sure I see him stalk before the Souldiers, by my troth he is a proper man, but he is proper that proper doth; let him go snick-up young Mistris.

Roſe. Get thee to London, and learn perfectly,
Whether my Lacy go to France or no:
Do this, and I will give thee for thy pains
My Cambrick apron, and my Romish Gloves,
My purple Stockins and a Stomacher;
Say, wilt thou do this Sibill for my sake?

Sibill. Will I quotha? at whose suit? by my troth yes, Ile go, a Cambrick apron, Gloves, and a pair of purple stockins, and a Stomacher, Ile sweat in purple mistris for you, Ile take any thing that comes in Gods name; O rich, a Cambrick apron; faith then have at up-tayls all; Ile go Jiggy Joggy to London, and be here in a trice young Mistris.

Roſe. Do so good Sibill; mean time wretched I,
Will sit and sigh for his lost company.

Enter *Rowland Lacy* like a Dutch Shoomaker.

Lacy. How many shapes have Gods and Kings devis'd,
Thereby to compasse their desired loves,
It is no shame for Rowland Lacy then,
To cloth his cunning with the Gentle Craft,
That thus disguised, I may unknowne possesse
the onely happy presence of my Rose:
For her have I forsooke my charge in France,
Incur'd the Kings displeasure, and stir'd up
Rough hatred in my Uncle Lincolnes breast:

O Love how powerfull art thou, that canst change
High birth to baseness, and a Noble minde,
To the mean semblance of a Shoomaker?
But thus it must be; for her cruel Father,
Hating the single union of our soules,
Hath secretly convey'd my Rose from London,
To bar me of her presence, but I trust
Fortune and this disguise will further me
Once more to view her beauty, gain her sight:
Here in Tower-street with Eyre the Shoomaker,
Mean I a while to work, I know the trade,
I learnt it when I was at Wittemberg,
Then cheer thy hoping spirits, be not dismaid,
Thou canst not want do Fortune what she can,
The Gentle Craft is living for a man. Exit.

Enter *Eyre* making himself ready.

Eyre. Where be these boys, these Girles, these Drabbs, these scoundrels, they wallow in the fat brewis of my bounty and lick up the crums of my table, yet will not rise to sée my walks cleansed: Come out you Powderbéef queans: what Nan, what Madge Mumble-crust, come out you fat Midriffe-swag-belly whores, and sweep me these kennels, that the noysome filth offend not the noses of my neighbors: what Firk I say, what Hodge, open my Shop-windows, what Firk I say.

Enter *Firke*.

Firk. O Master, is't you that speak bandog and Bedlam this morning, I was in a Dream, and mused what mad-man was got into the street so early, have you drunk this morning, that your throat is so clear?

Eyre. Ah well said Firk, well said Firk, to work my fine knave, to work, wash thy face, and thou'lt be more blest.

Firk. Let them wash my face that will eat it, good Master send for a Sowse-wife, if you will have my face cleaner.

Enter *Hodge*.

Eyre. Away slouen, avant scoundrel, good morrow Hodge, good morrow my fine Fore-man.

Hodge. O Master, good morrow, y'are an early stirrer here's

heer's a faire morning, good morow Firke, I could have slept this houre, heer's a brave day towards.

Eyre. O hast to worke my fine Fore-man, hast to worke.

Firke. Master, I am drie as dust to heare my fellow Roger talke of faire weather, let us pray for good leather, and let Clownes and Plow-boyes, and those that worke in the fields pray for brave dayes, we worke in a drie shop, what care I if it raine? *Enter Eyres wife.*

Eyre. How now dame Margerie, can you see to rise? trip and go, call up the drabs your maides.

Wife. See to rise? I hope 'tis time enough, 'tis early enough for any Woman to be seene abroad, I marvell how many wives in Tower-street are up so soone: Gods me 'tis not noone, here's a yawling.

Eyre. Peace Margerie peace, her's Cisly Bumtrinket your maid? she hath a privie fault, she farts in her sleepe, call the Queane up, if my men want shooe threed, I'le swinge her in a stirrop.

Firke. Yet that's but a drie beating, here's still a signe of drought. *Enter Lacy singing.*

Lacy. Der was een bore van Gelderland, Frolick si byen
He was als drunke he cold nyet stand, up selcese byen,
Tap eens de canneken drinck scheve mannekin.

Firke. Master, for my life yonders a brother of the Gentle Craft, if he beare not Saint Hughe's bones I'le forfeit my bones, he's some unlandish work-man, hire him good Master, that I may learne some gibble gable, 'twill make us worke the faster.

Eyre. Peace Firke, a hard world, let him passe, let him vanish we have Journeymen enow, peace my fine Firke.

Wife. Nay nay y'are best follow your mans councell, you shall see what will come on't, we have not men enow, but we must entertaine every butterboxe; but let that passe.

Hodge. Dame, fore God if my master follow your counsell hee'le consume little beefe, he shall be glad of men, and he can catch them.

Firke. I that he shall.

Hodge. Afore God a proper man, and I warrant a fine worke-

woorkeman: Master farewell, dame adieu, if such a man as he cannot finde woorke, Hodge is not for you. *Offer to go.*

Eyre. Stay my fine Hodge.

Firke. Faith and your foreman go dame, you must take a journey to see a new Journey-man, if Roger remove Firke followes, if Saint Hughs bones shall not be set a woork, I may pricke mine awle in the wals, and go play: fare ye well master, God buy dame.

Eyre. Tarrie my fine Hodge my brike foreman, stay Firke, peace pudding broth, by the Lord of Ludgate I love my men as my life, peace you gallimaufrey, Hodge if he want woorke I hire him, one of you to him, stay he comes to us.

Lacy. Goeden dach meester, ende v bzo oak.

Firke. Nailes if I should speak after him without drinking, I should choack, & you friend Oak are you of the gentle craft?

Lacy. Yaw yaw, ich beene den schoomaker.

Firke. Den schoomaker quoth a, and hearke you shoomaker, have you all your tooles, a good rubbing pin, a good stopper, a good dreller, your foure sort of Awles, and your two balles of wax, your paring knife, your hand and thumb-leathers, and good Saint Hughs bones to smooth your woorke.

Lacy. Yaw, yaw, be niet vor bzard, ik hab all de dingen, voour mack schoes groot and cleane.

Firke. Ha, ha, good master hire him; he'll make me laugh so that I shall woorke more in mirth then I can in earnest.

Eyre. Heare you friend, have you any skill in the mystery of Cordwainers.

Lacy. Ick weet niet wat you seg ich verstaw you niet.

Firke. Why thus man, Ich verste v niet, quoth a.

Lacy. Yaw, yaw, yaw, ick can dat well doen.

Firke. Yaw yaw, he speakes yawning like a Jack daw, that gapes to be fed with cheese curds, O he'll give a villanous pul at a Can of double beer, but Hodge, and I have the vantage, we must drink first, because we are the eldest Journymen.

Eyre. What is thy name?

Lacy. Hans, Hans, Meulter.

Eyre. Give me thy hand, thou art welcome, Hodge entertaine

taine him, Firke bid him welcome, come Hans, run wife, bid your maids, your trullibubs, make ready my fine mens breakfasts: to him Hodge.

Hodge. Hans, th'art welcome, use thy self friendly, for we are good fellowes, if not, thou shalt be fought with, wert thou bigger than a Gyant.

Firk. Yea, and drunk with wert thou Gargantua, my master keepes no Cowards, I tell thee: hoe, boy, bring him an heele-blocke, here's a new Journeyman. *Enter Boy.*

Lacy. O ich versto you, ich moet een halne dossen Cans betalen: nere boy nempt dis skilling, tap ones freelicke.

Exit Boy.

Eyre. Quick snipper snapper, away Firk, scowre thy throat, thou shalt wash it with Castillian liquour. *Enter Boy.* Come my last of the fives, give me a Can, have to thee Hans, here Hodge, here Firk, drink you mad Greekes, and work like true Troyans, and pray for Simon Eyre the Shoomaker, here Hans and th'art welcome.

Firk. Lo dame, you would have lost a good fellow that will teach us to laugh, this beere came hopping in well.

Wife. Simon, it is almost seven.

Eyre. Ist so dame clapper dudgeon, ist seven a clock, and my mens breakefast not readie? trip and go you sowst cunger, away, come you mad Hiperborians, follow me Hodge, follow me Hans, come after my fine Firke, to work to work a while, and then to breakfast. *Exit.*

Firk. Soft, yaw, yaw, good Hans, though my master have no more wit but to call you afore me, I am not so foolish to go behinde you, I being the elder Journeyman. *Exeunt*

Hollowing within. Enter Warner, and Hammon, like hunters.

Ham. Cosen, beat every brake, the game's not farre:
This way with winged feet he fled from death,
Whilst the persuing hounds senting his steps,
Find out his high way to destruction.
Besides, the Millers boy told me even now,
He saw him take soile and he hollowed him:
Affirming him so embost,
That long he could not hold.

Warner. If it be so,
'Tis best we trace these meddows by Old-Ford.

A noise of hunters within, enter a Boy.

Hammon. How now boy, where's the Deere? speake, saw'st thou him.

Boy. O yea, I saw him leape through a hedge, and then over a ditch, then at my Lord Mayors pale over he skipt me, and in he went me, and holla the hunters cride, and there boy, there boy, but there he is a mine honestie,

Hammon. Boy God a mercie, Cosen let's away,
I hope I shall finde better sport to day. *Exeunt.*

Hunting within, enter Rose and Sibill.

Rose. Why Sibill, wilt thou prove a Forrester?

Sibill. Upon some no Forrester go by: no faith mistris, the Deere came running into the Barne, through the Orchard & over the pale, I wot well, I look't as pale as a new cheese to see him, but whip cates goodman Pin close up with his flaile & our Nicke with a prong, and down he fell, and they upon him, and I upon them, by my troth we had such sport, and in the end we ended him, his throat we cut, flead him, unhorned him, and my Lord Mayor shall eat of him anon when he comes.

Hornes sound within.

Rose. Heark, heark, the hunters come, y'are best take heed, They'l have a saying to you for this deed.

Enter Hammon, Warner, huntsmen, and Boy.

Ham. God save you faire Ladies.

Sibill. Ladies? O grosse!

War. Came not a Buck this way?

Rose. No, but two Does.

Ham. And which way went they? faith wee'll hunt at those.

Sibill. At those? upon some no: when, can you tell?

War. Upon some, I.

Sibill. Good Lord.

War. Zounds then farewell.

Ham. Boy, which way went he?

Boy. This way sir he ran.

Ham. This way he ran indeed, faire Mistris Rose,
Our game was lately in your Orchard seene,

War.

War. Can you advise which way he took his flight?
Sibill. Follow your nose, his horns will guide you right.
War. Th'art a mad wench.
Sibill. O rich!
Rose. Trust me, not I,
It is not like that the wilde forrest Deere,
Would come so neere to places of resort,
You are deceiv'd, he fled some other way,
War. Which way my sugar candy, can you shew?
Sibill. Come up good hontsops, upon some no.
Rose. Why do you stay and not pursue your game?
Sibill. I'le hold my life their hunting-nags be lame.
Ham. A deere, more deere is found within this place.
Rose. But not the Deere (sir) which you had in chace.
Ham. I chac'd the Deere, but this Deere chaseth me.
Rose. The strangest hunting that ever I see,
But where's your parke? She offers to go away.
Ham. 'Tis here: O stay.
Rose. Impale me, and then I will not stray,
War. They wrangle wench, we are more kinde than they.
Sibill. What kind of heart is that (deere heart) you seek?
War. A Hart, deere heart.
Sibill. Who ever saw the like?
Rose. To lose your heart, is't possible you can?
Ham. My heart is lost.
Rose. Alacke good Gentleman.
Ham. This poor lost heart would I with you might finde.
Rose. You by such luck might prove your Hart a Hind.
Ham. Why Lucke has hornes, so have I heard some say?
Rose. Now God and't be his will send luck into your way.

Enter L. Mayor and servants.

L. Ma. What M. Hammon, welcome to Old-Ford.
Sibill. Gods pittikins, hands off sir, here's my Lord.
L. Ma. I heare you had ill lucke, and lost your game.
Ham. 'Tis true my Lord.
L. Mayor. I am sory for the same,
What gentleman is this?
Ham. My brother in law.

L. Ma. Ware welcome both, sith Fortune offers you
Into my hands, you shall not part from hence,
Untill you have refresht your wearied limbes.
Go Sibill cover the boord, you shall be guest
To no good cheere, but even a hunters feast.
Ham. I thank your Lordship: Cosen, on my life,
For our lost venison I shall finde a wife. Exeunt.
L. Ma. In gentlemen, Ile not be absent long,
This Hammon is a proper gentleman,
A Citizen by birth, fairely allide.
How fit a husband were he for my girle?
Well, I will in, and do the best I can,
To match my daughter to this gentleman.

Enter Lacy, Skipper, Hodge, and Firk.

Skip. Ick sal you wat seggen Hans, dis Skip dat comen from Candy is alwol, by Gots sacrament, van sugar, civet, almond, Cambrick, end alledingen towsand towsand ding, nempt it Hans, nempt it vor v meester; daer be de bills van laden, your master Symon Eyre sal hae good copen, wat seggen yow Hans.

Firk. Wat seggen de reggen de copen, slopen, laugh Hodge laugh.

Lacy. Mine liever broder Firk, bringt meester Eyre tot det sign un swanneken, dare sall your finds dis Skipper end me, wat seggen you broder Firk? dwt it Hodg, come Skipper. Exeunt.

Firk. Bring him go. you, here's no knaverie, to bring my master to buy a ship, worth the lading of 2. or 3. hundred thousand pounds, alas that's nothing, a trifle, a babie Hodge.

Hodge. The truth is Firk, that the Marchant owner of the Ship dares not shew his head, and therefore this Skipper that deales for him. for the love he beares to *Hans*, offers my master Eyre a bargaine in the commodities, he shal have a reasonable day of payment, he may sell the wares by that time and be an huge gainer himself.

Firk. Yea, but can my fellow Hans lend my master twenty porpentines as an earnest pennie.

Hodge. Portegues thou wouldest say, here they be Firk, hark, they gingle in my pocket like S. Mary Overies bells.

Enter

Enter Eyre and his Wife.

Firk. Mum, here comes my Dame and my Maſter, ſhe'll ſcold on my life, for loytering this Monday, but all's one, let them all ſay what they can, Monday's our holyday.

Wife. You ſing ſir ſauce, but I beſhrew your heart, I feare for this your ſinging we ſhall ſmart.

Firk. Smart for me dame, why dame, why?

Hodge. Maſter, I hope you'l not ſuffer my dame to take down your Journeyman.

Firk. If ſhe take me downe, I'le take her up, yea and take her down too, a button-hole lower.

Eyre. Peace Firk, not I Hodge, by the life of Pharao, by the Lord of Ludgate, by this beard, every haire whereof I value a kings ranſome, ſhe ſhall not meddle with you, peace you bumbaſt-cotten-candle queane, away Queene of Clubs, quarrell not with me and my men, with me and my fine Firk, Ile firk you if you do.

Wife. Yea yea man, you may uſe me as you pleaſe: but let that paſſe.

Eyre. Let it paſſe, let it vaniſh away: peace am not I Simon Eyre? are not thoſe my brave men? brave Shoomakers, all gentlemen of the Gentle-Craft? Prince am I none, yet am I nobly borne, as being the ſole ſonne of a Shoomaker, away rubbiſh, vaniſh, melt, melt like kitchin-ſtuffe.

Wife. Yea, yea, 'tis well, I muſt be calld rubbiſh, kitchin-ſtuffe, for a ſort of knaves

Firk. Nay dame, you ſhall not weep and waile in woe for me: maſter I'le ſtay no longer here's an inventory of my ſhop tooles: adue maſter; Hodge farewell.

Hodge. Nay ſtay Firk, thou ſhalt not go alone.

Wife. I pray let them go, there be more maids then Mawkin, more men than Hodge, and more fooles than Firk.

Firk. Fooles? naſles if I tarrie now, I would my gute might be turned to ſhoo thread.

Hod. And if I ſtay, I pray God I may be turn'd to a Turk, and ſet in Finſbury for boys to ſhoot at: come Firk.

Eyre. Stay my fine knaves, you armes of my trade, you pillars of my profeſſion. What, ſhall a tittle tattles word

make you forsake Symon Eyre? avaunt Kitchinstuffe, trippe you browne-bread tannikin, out of my sight, move me not, have not I tane you from selling Tripes in Eastcheape, and set you in my shop, and make you haile fellow with Simon Eyre the Shoomaker? and now do you deale thus with my Journey-men? Looke you powder-beefe Queane on the face of Hodge: here's a face for a Lord.

Firke. And here's a face for any Lady in Christendome.

Eyre. Rip you chitterling, avaunt boy, bid the Tapster of the Bores head fil me a dozen Cannes of beere for my Journeymen.

Firk. A dozen Cannes? O brave Hodge now I'le stay.

Eyre. And the knave fills any more than two, he payes for them: a dozen Cannes of beere for my Journey-men, here you mad Mesopotamians, wash your livers with this liquour, where be the odde ten? no more Madge, no more, well said, drink and to worke: what worke dost thou Hodge? what worke?

Hodge. I am making a paire of shooes for my Lord Mayors daughter, mistris Rose

Firk. And I a paire of shooes for Sibill my Lords maid, I deale with her.

Eyre. Sibill? fie, defile not thy fine workmanly fingers with the feet of Kitchingstuffe, and basting ladies, Ladies of the Court, fine Ladies, my lads, commit their feet to our apparrelling, put grosse work to Hans: yark and seam: yark and seam.

Firk. For yarking and seaming let me alone, I come tot.

Hodge. Well Master, all this is from the bias, do you remember the Ship my fellow Hans told you of, the Skipper and he are both drinking at the Swan? here be the Portugues to give earnest, if you go thorow with it, you cannot choose but be a Lord at least.

Firk. May dame, if my master prove not a Lord, and you a Lady, hang me.

Wife. Yea like enough, if you may loyter and tipple thus.

Firk. Tipple Dame? no we have been bargaining with Skellum Scanderbag: can you Dutch speaken, for a Shippe of Silke Cipresse, laden with Sugar Candy.

Enter

Enter the boy with a velvet coat, and an Aldermans gown, Eyre puts it on.

Eyre. Peace Firk, ſilence tittle tattle: Hodge, I'le go thorow with it, here's a ſeal ring and I have ſent for a garded gown and a damaſk caſock, ſee where it comes, look here Maggy, helpe me Firk, apparell me Hodge, ſilke and ſatten you mad Philiſtines, ſilke and ſatten.

Firk. Ha, ha, my Maſter will be as proud as a dogge in a doublet, all in beaten damaſk and velvet.

Eyre. Softly Firk, for rearing of the nap, and wearing threed-bare my garments; how doſt thou like me Firk? how do I look my ſine Hodge?

Hodge. Why now you look like your ſelf maſter, I warrant you, there's few in the Citie, but will give you the wall, and come upon you with the right worſhipfull.

Firk. Nailes my Maſter looks like a threed-bare cloake new turn'd, and dreſt: Lord, Lord, to ſee what good raiment doth? dame, dame, are you not enamoured?

Eyre. How ſaiſt thou Maggy, am I not brisk? am I not fine?

Wife. Fine? by my troth ſweet heart very fine: by my troth I never likt thee ſo well in my life ſweet heart. But let that paſſe, I warrant there be many women in the Citie have not ſuch handſome husbands, but onely for their apparell, but let that paſſe too. Enter Hans and Scipper.

Hans. Godden day meeſter, dis be de ſkipper dat heb de ſkip van marchandize, de commodity ben good, nempt it meeſter, nempt it.

Eyre. God a mercy Hans, welcome Skipper, where lies this ſhip of merchandize?

Skip. De ſkip been in revere: dor be van ſugar, civit, Almonds, Cambrick, and a towſand towſand tings, Gots ſacrament, nempt it meeſter, ye ſal hab good copen.

Firk. To him maſter, O ſweet maſter, O ſweet wares, Prunes, Almonds, Suger-candy, Carret rotes, Turnips, O brave ſatting meat, let not a man buy a nutmeg but your ſelf.

Eyre. Peace Firk, come Skipper, I'le go aboord with you, Hans have you made him drinke?

Skip. Yaw, yaw, ic heb veale ge drunke.

Eyre.

Eyre. Come Hans, follow me Skipper, thou ſhalt have my countenance in the City. Exeunt

Firk. Paw heb veale ge vrunk, quotha: they may well be called butter-boxes, when they vrink fat veale, and thicke beere too: but come Dame, I hope youle chide us no more.

Wife. No faith Firk, no perdy Hodge, I do feele honour creepe upon me, and which is more, a certaine riſing in my fleſh, but let that paſſe.

Firk. Riſing in your fleſh do you feele you ſay? I, you may be with childe, but why ſhould not my Maſter feele a riſing in his fleſh having a gown and a gold ring on, but you are ſuch a ſhrew, youle ſoone pull him down.

Wife. Ha, ha, prethee peace, thou mak'ſt my worſhip laugh, but let that paſſe: come I'le go in Hodge, prethee go before me, Firk follow me.

Firk. Firk doth follow, Hodge paſſe out in ſtate. Exeunt

Enter Lincolne and Dodger.

Lin. How now good Dodger, what's the newes in France?

Dodger. My Lord, upon the eighteenth day of May,
The French and Engliſh were prepared to fight,
Each ſide with eager furie gave the ſigne,
Of a moſt hot encounter, five long houres
Both armies fought together: at the length
The let of victorie fell on our ſides,
Twelve thouſand of the Frenchmen that day dide,
Foure thouſand Engliſh, and no man of name,
But Captaine Hyam, and young Ardington,
Two gallant gentlemen, I knew them well.

Lin. But Dodger, prethee tell me in this fight,
How did my cozen Lacy beare himſelf?

Dod My Lord your cozen Lacy was not there.

Lin. Not there? Dod. No, my good Lord.

Lin. Sure thou miſtakeſt,
I ſaw him ſhipt, and a thouſand eyes beſide
Were witneſſe of the farewells which he gave,
When I with weeping eyes bid him adew:
Dodger take heed.

Dod. My Lord I am adviſ'd,

That

That what I speak is true: to prove it so,
His cozen Askew that supplide his place,
Sent me for him from France, that secretly
He might convey himselfe hither.
Lin. Ist even so,
Dares he so carelesselly venture his life,
Upon the indignation of a King?
Hath he dispis'd my love, and spurnd those favours
Which I with prodigall hand powred on his head?
He shall repent his rashnesse with his soule,
Since of my love he makes no estimate,
I'le make him wish he had not knowne my hate.
Thou hast no other newes?
Dod. None else, my Lord.
Lin. None worse I know thou hast: procure the King
To crowne his giddie browes with ample honours.
Send him chiefe Colonell, and all my hope
Thus to be dasht? but tis in vaine to grieve,
One evil cannot a worse relieve:
Upon my life I have found out this plot,
The old dog Love that fawnd upon him so,
Love to that puling girle, his faire cheekt Rose,
The Lord Majors daughter hath distracted him,
And in the fire of that loves lunacie,
Hath he burnt up himselfe, consum'd his credit,
Lost the Kings love, yea and I feare his life,
Onely to get a wanton to his wife: Dodger, it is so.
Dod. I feare so my good Lord.
Lin. It is so nay sure it cannot be.
I am at my wits end Dodger.
Dod. Yea my Lord.
Lin. Thou art acquinted with my Nephewes haunts,
Spend this gold for thy paines, go seek him out,
Watch at my Lord Majors, there (if he live)
Dodger, thou shalt be sure to meet with him:
Prethee be diligent. Lacy thy name
Liv'd once in honour, now dead in shame:
Be circumspect. Exit.

Dod. I warrant you my Lord. Exit.

Enter Lord Maior, and Master Scot.

L. Ma. Good master Scot, I have been bold with you,
To be a witnesse to a wedding knot,
Betwixt young master Hammon and my daughter,
O stand aside, see where the lovers come.

Enter Hammon and Rose.

Rose. Can it be possible you love me so?
No, no, within those eye-balls I espie,
Apparent likelyhoods of flatterie,
Pray now let go my hand.

Ham. Sweet mistris Rose.
Misconstrue not my words, nor misconceive
Of my affection, whose devoted soul
Sweares that I love thee dearer than my heart.

Rose. As deere as your own heart? I judge it right,
Men love their hearts best when th'are out of sight.

Ham. I love you by this hand.

Rose. Yet hands off now:
If flesh be frial, how weak and frail's your vow?

Ham. Then by my life I sweare.

Rose. Then do not brawle,
One quarrell looseth wife and life and all,
Is not your meaning thus?

Ham. In faith you jest.

Rose. Love loves to sport, therefore leave love y'are best.

L. Ma. What? square they master Scot?

Scot. Sir never doubt,
Lovers are quickly in, and quickly out.

Ham. Sweet Rose, be not so strange in fancying me,
May never turne aside, shun not my sight,
I am not growne so fond, to fond my love
On any that shall quit it with disdaine,
If you will love me, so: if not, farewell,

L. Ma. Why how now lovers, are you both agreed?

Ham. Yes faith my Lord. [daughter.

L. Ma. 'Tis well, give me your hand, give me yours
How now, both pull back, what meanes this, Girle?

Rose.

Roſe. I meane to liue a maid.
Ham. But not to die ons, paiſe ere that be ſaid. aſide.
L. Ma. Will you ſtill croſſe me? ſtil be obſtinate?
Ham. Nay chide her not my Lord for doing well,
If ſhe can liue an happy virgins life,
Tis farre more bleſſed than to be a wife.
Roſe. Say ſir I cannot, I haue made a vow,
Who euer be my husband tis not you.
L. Ma. Your tongue is quicke, but M. Hammon know,
I bad you welcome to another end.
Ham. What, would you haue me pule, and pine, and pray,
With lovely Lady miſtris of my heart,
Pardon your ſeruant, and the rimer play,
Raying on Cupid, and his tyrants dart?
Or ſhall I undertake ſome martiall ſpeile,
Wearing your gloue at Turney, and at Tilt,
And tell how many gallants I vnhorſe,
Sweet, will this pleaſure you?
Roſe. Yes, when wilt begin?
What loue-rimes man? fie on that deadly ſin.
L. Ma. If you will haue her, I'le make her agree.
Ham. Enforced loue is worſe than hate to me,
There is a wench keeps ſhop in the old change,
To her will I, it is not wealth I ſeek,
I haue enough, and will preferr her loue
Before the world: my good Lord Mayor adew,
Old loue for me, I haue no luck with new. Exit.
L. Ma. Now mammet you haue well behaw'd your ſelf,
But you ſhall curſe your coynelle if I liue:
Who's within there? ſee you conuey your miſtris
Straight to th'old Foord, I'le keep you ſtraight enough,
Fore God I would haue ſworne the pulling girle
Would willingly accept Hammons loue,
But banith him my thoughts, go minion in. Exit Roſe.
Now tell me maſter Scot, would you haue thought
That maſter Simon Eyer the Shoomaker
Had been of wealth to buy ſuch merchandize?
Scot. 'Twas well my Lord your honour, and my ſelf,

Or ew partners with him, for your bills of lading
Shew that Eyres gaines in one commoditie
Rise at the least to full three thousand pound,
Besides like gaine in other Merchandize.
L. Ma. Well, he shall spend some of his thousands now,
For I have sent for him to the Guild Hall, Enter Eyre.
See where he comes: good morrow master Eyre.
Eyre. Poor Simon Eyre, my Lord, your Shoomaker.
L. Ma. Well well, it likes your self to terme you so.
Enter Dodger.
Now M. Dodger what's the news with you?
Dod. I'de gladly speake in private to your Honour.
L. Ma. You shall, you shall: master Eyre and M. Scot,
I have some businesse with this gentleman,
I pray let me intreate you to walk before
To the Guild hall, I'le follow presently,
Master Eyre, I hope ere noone to call you Sheriffe.
Eyre. I would not care (my Lord) if you might call me
King of Spain, come master Scot. Exeunt.
L. Ma. Now master Dodger, what's the newes you bring?
Dod. The Earle of Lincolne by me greets your Lordship,
And earnestly requests you (if you can)
Informe him where his nephew Lacy keepes.
L. Ma. Is not his nephew Lacy now in France?
Dod. No I assure your Lordship, but disguis'd
Lurkes here in London.
L. Ma. London? Is't even so?
It may be; but upon my faith and soul,
I know not where he lives, or whether he lives,
So tell my Lord of Lincolne: lurk in London?
Well master Dodger, you perhaps may start him,
Be but the meanes to rid him into France,
I'le give you a dozen angels for your paines,
So much I love his honor, hate his nephew,
And prethee so informe thy Lord from me.
Dod. I take my leave. Exit Dodger.
L. Ma. Farewell good M. Dodger.
Lacy's in London I dare pawne my life.

My

My daughter knowes thereof, and for that cauſe,
Denied young Maſter Hammon in his love,
Well, I am glad I ſent her to old Foord,
Gods Lord tis late, to Guild hall I muſt hie,
I know my brethren lack my companie. Exit.

Enter Firk, Eyres wife, Hans, Roger.

Wife. Thou goeſt too faſt for me Roger, O Firk.

Firk. I forſooth.

Wife. I pray thee run (do you heare) run to Guild Hall, and learne if my husband M. Eyre will take that worſhipfull vocation of M. Sheriff upon him, hie thee good Firk.

Firk. Take it? well I go, and he ſhould not take it, Firk ſweares to forſweare him, yes forſooth I go to Guild Hall.

Wife. Nay when? th'art to compendious and tedious.

Firk. O rare, your excellence is full of eloquence, how like a new Cartwheele my dame ſpeakes, and ſhe looks like an old muſty Ale-bottle going to ſcalding.

Wife. Nay when? thou wilt make me melancholly.

Firk. God forbid your Worſhip ſhould fall into that humour; I run. Exit.

Wife. Let me ſee now Roger and Hans.

Ro. I forſooth dame (miſtris I ſhould ſay) but the old terme ſo ſticks to the roofe of my mouth, I can hardly lick it off.

Wife. Even what thou wilt good Roger, Dame is a fair name for my honeſt Chriſtian, but let that paſſe; how doſt thou Hans?

Hans. Me tanck you vro.

Wife. Well Hans and Roger, you ſee God hath bleſt your maſter, and perdie if ever he come to be M. Sh riſe of London, (as we are all mortall) you ſhall ſee, I will have ſome odde thing or other in a corner for you, I will not be your back friend, but let that paſſe, Hans, pray thee tie my ſhooe.

Hans. Yaw ik ſal vro.

Wife. Roger, thou knoweſt the length of my foot, as it is none of the biggeſt, ſo I thank God it is handſome enough, prethée let me have a paire of ſhooes made, Cork good Roger, woodden heele too.

Hodge. You ſhall.

Wife. Art thou not acquainted with never a Fardingale-maker, nor a French-hood-maker, I must enlarge my bum, ha, ha, ha, how shall I look in a hood I wonder, perdy oddly I think.

Roger. As a Cat out of a pillory, very well I warrant you Mistresse.

Wife. Indeed all flesh is grasse, and Roger, canst thou tell where I may buy a good hair?

Roger. Yes forsooth, at the Poulterers in Gracious street.

Wife. Thou art an ungracious wag, perdye, I meane a false haire for my perewig.

Roger. Why Mistris, the next time that I cut my beard, you shal have the shavings of it, but mine are all true haires.

Wife. It is very hot, I must get me a fan or else a mask.

Roger. So you had need to hide your wicked face.

Wife. Fie upon it, how coldly this worlds calling is, perdy, but that it is one of the wonderfull workes of God, I would not deale with it: is not Firk come yet? Hans, be not so sad, let it passe and vanish as my husbands worship faies.

Hans. Ick bin wrolicke let see you soo.

Roger. Mistris, will you drink a pipe of Tobacco?

Wife. O fie upon it Roger, perdy, these filthy tobaco pipes are the most idle slavering bables that ever I felt: out upon it, God blesse us, men look not like men that use them.

Enter Rafe being lame.

Roger. What fellow Rafe? Mistresse look heere, Janes husband: why how now, lame? Hans make much o him, he's a brother of our Trade, a good workeman, and a tall Souldier.

Hans. You be welcom broder.

Wife. Perdie I knew him not, how dost thou good Rafe? I am glad to see thee well.

Rafe. I would God you saw me dame as well,
As when I went from London into France.

Wife. Trust me I am sorry Rafe to see thee impotent, Lord how the warrs have made him Sun-burnt: thy left leg is not well, 'twas the faire gift of God, the infirmitie took not hold a little higher, considering thou camst from France, but

let

let that passe.

Rafe. I am glad to see you well, and I rejoyce,
To heare that God hath blest my master so
since my departure.

Wife. Yea truely Rafe, I thank my maker: but let that pass.

Rog. And sirra Rafe, what newes, what newes in France?

Rafe. Tell me good Roger first what newes in England?
How does my Jane? when didst thou see my wife?
Where lives my poor heart? sheele be poor indeed,
Now I want limbs to get whereon to feed.

Rog. Limbs? hast thou not hands man? thou shalt never see a shoomaker want bread, though he have but three fingers on a hand.

Rafe. Yet all this while I heare not of my Jane.

Wife. O Rafe your wife, perdie we know not what's become of her: she was here a while, and because she was married, grew more stately then became her, I checkt her, and so forth, away she flung, never returned, nor said bib nor bab: and Rafe you know, ka me, ka thee, And so as I tell ye. Roger is not Firk come yet?

Roger. No forsooth.

Wife. And so indeed we heard not of her, but I heare she lives in London: but let that passe. If she had wanted, she might have opened her case to me or my husband, or to any of my men, I am sure there is not any of them perdie, but would have done her good to his power. Hans look if Firk be come. Exit Hans.

Hans. Yaw it sal vro.

Wife. And so as I said: but Rafe, why dost thou weep? thou knowest that naked we came out of our mothers wombe, and naked we must returne, and therefore thank God for all things.

Roger. No faith, Jane is a stranger here, but Rafe pul up a good heart, I know thou hast one, thy wife man is in London one told me he saw her a while ago very brave in meat, wee'le ferret her out, an London hold her.

Wife. Alas poor soul, he's over-come with sorrow, he does but as I do, weep for the losse of any good thing: but

Rafe,

Rafe, get thée in, call for some meat and drink, thou shalt find me worshipfull towards thee.

Rafe. I thank you Dame, since I want limbs and lands, I'le trust to God my good friends, and to my hands. Exit.

Enter Hans and Firk running.

Firk. Runne good Hans, O Hodg, O Mistris; Hodg heave up thine eares, Mistris smugge up your looks, on with your best apparell, my Master is chosen, my master is called, nay condemned by the cry of the Country to be Sheriffe of the City, for this famous yeare now to come: and time now being, a great many men in black gownes were askt for their voices, and their hands, and my master had all their fists about his eares presently, and they cried, I, I, I, I, and so I came away, wherefore without all other grieve, I do salute you Mistris Shrieve.

Hans. Paw, my meester is de goot man, de Shrieve.

Roger. Did not I tell you mistris, now I may boldly say, good morrow to your worship.

Wife. Good morrow good Roger, I thank you my good people all, Firk, hold up thy hand, here's a three-pennie peece for thy tidings.

Firk. 'Tis but three halfe-pence I think: yes 'tis three pence I smell the Rose.

Hodg. But mistris, beraul'd by me, and do not speak so, pulingly.

Firk. 'Tis her worship speaks so: not she, no faith mistris speak me in the old key, to it Firk, there good Firk, ply your businesse Hodge, Hodge with a full mouth: I'le fill your bellies with good cheere till they crie twang.

Enter Simon Eyre wearing a gold chaine.

Hans. See mine liever broder here compt my meester.

Wife. Welcome home master Shrieve, I pray God continue you in health and wealth.

Eyre. See here my Maggy, a Chaine, a gold Chaine for Simon Eyre, I shall make thee a Lady, here's a French-hood for thée, on with it, on with it, dresse thy browes with this flap of a shoulder of mutton, to make thée look lovely: where be my fine men? Roger, I'le make over my shop and tooles to thée:

Firk,

Firk thou shalt be the for-man: Hans, thou shalt have an hundred for twenty, be as mad knaves as your master Simon Eyre hath beene, and you shall live to be Sheriffes of London: how dost thou like me Margerie? Prince am I none, yet am I princely borne, Firk, Hodg and Hans.

All 3. I for sooth, what saies your worship master Sheriff?

Eyre. Worship and honour ye Babilonian knaves, for the Gentle Craft: but I forgot my self, I am bidden to my Lord Mayor to dinner to old Foord, he's gone before, I must after: come Madge, on with your trinkets: now my true Trojans, my fine Firk, my dapar *Hodge*, my honest *Hans*, some device, some odde crochets, some morris, or such like for the honor of the Gentlemen Shoomakers, meet me at Old Foord, you know my mind. Come Madge away, shut up the shop knaves and make Holiday: Exeunt.

Firk. Brave, O brave, come Hodg, follow me *Hans*: Wee'l be with them for a Morris dance. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior, Eyre, his wife in a French-hood, Sibill, and other Servants.

L. Mayor. Trust me you are as welcom to Old Foord, as my self.

Wife. Truely I thank your Lordship.

L. Mayor. Would our bad cheere were worth the thankes you give.

Eyre. Good cheere my Lord Mayor, fine cheere, a fine house fine walles all fine and neat.

L. Ma. Now by my troth, I'le tell thee master Eyre,
It does me good and all my Brethren,
That such a mad cap fellow as thy self
Is entred into our societie.

Wife. I but my Lord he must learn now to put on gravitie.

Eyre. Peace Maggy a fig for gravitie, when I go to Guild-Hall in my Scarlet gown, I'le look as demurely as a Saint, and speak as gravely as a Justice of Peace, but now I am here at old Foord, at my good Lord Mayors house, let it go by, vanish Maggy, I'le be merry, away with slip slap, those fooleries, these gulleries: what hunny? Prince am I none, yet am Princely born: what sayes my Lord Mayor?

L. Ma. Ha, ha, ha, I had rather than a thousand pound, had an heart so light as yours.

Eyre. Why what should I do my Lord? a pound of care payes not a dram of debt: hum, let's be merry while we are young, old Age sack and sugar will steale upon us ere we be aware.

L. Ma. It's well done, Mistris Eyre, pray give good counsell to my daughter.

Wife. I hope mistris Rose will have the grace to take nothing that's bad.

L. Ma. Pray God she do, for faith mistris Eyre,
I would bestow upon that peevish girle
A thousand markes more than I meane to give her,
Upon condition she be rul'd by me.
The Ape still crosseth me: there came of late,
A proper gentleman of faire revenewes,
Whom gladly I would call Son in law:
But my fine Cockney would have none of him,
You'le prove a Cockstrombe for it ere you die,
A Courtier or no man must please your eye.

Eyre. Be rul'd sweet Rose, th'art ripe for a man: marrie not with a boy that has no more haire on his face than thou hast on thy cheekes: a Courtier, wash, go by, stand not upon pitherie, pathery; those silken fellowes are but painted Images, outsides, outsides Rose, their inner linings are torne: no my fine mouse, marry me with a Gentleman Grocer like my L. Maior your father, a Grocer is a sweet trade, plums, plums: had I a son or daughter should marry out of the generation and blood of the Shoomakers, he should pack: what the gentle trade is a living for a man thorow Europe, thorow the world.

A noise within of a Taber and Pipe.

L. Ma. What noise is this?

Eyre. O my Lord Mayor, a crue of good fellowes that for love to your honour, are come hither with a Morrisdance; come in my Mesopotamians cheerily.

Enter Hodg Hans, Rafe, Firk, and other Shoomakers in a morris: after a little dancing the L. Mayor speakes.

L. Ma. Master Eyre, are all these Shoomakers?

Eyre,

Eyre. All Cordwainers my good Lord Mayor.

Rose. How like my Lacy lookes yond Shoomaker.

Hans. O that I durst but speak unto my love!

L. Ma. Sibill, go fetch some wine to make these drink, you are all welcome.

All. We thank your Lordship.

Rose takes the cup of wine and goes to Hans.

Rose. For his sake whose faire shape thou representest, Good friend I drink to thee.

Hans. Ic be danck good trister.

Wife. I see mistris Rose you do not want judgment, you have drunk to the properest man I keep.

Firk. Here be some have done their parts to be as proper as he.

L. Ma. Well, urgent business cals me back to London? Good fellowes first go in and take our cheare, And to make merrie as you homeward go, Spend these two angels in beere at Stratford Bo.

Eyre. To these two (my mad lads) Simon Eyre adds another, then cheerily Firk, tickle it Hans, and al for the honour of Shoomakers. All go dancing out.

L. Ma. Come maister Eyre, let's have your company. Exeunt.

Rose. Sibill what shall I do?

Sibill. Why what'e the matter?

Rose. That Hans the shoomaker is my love Lacy, Disguis'd in that attire to find me out, How should I find the meanes to speak with him?

Sib. What mistris, never fear, I dare venture my maydenhead to nothing, and that's great odds, that Hans the Dutchman when we come to London, shall not onely see and speak with you, but in spight of all your Fathers policies, steale you away and marrie you, will not this please you?

Rose. Do this, and ever be assured of my love.

Sibill. Away then, and follow your Father to London, Lest your absence cause him to suspect something: To morrow if my councell be obaide, I'le binde you prentise to the gentle trade.

Enter Iane in a Semsters shop working, and Hammon muffled at another door, he stands aloofe. Ham.

Ham. Yonder's the shop, and there my faire love sits,
Shee's faire and lovely, but she is not mine,
O would she were, thrice have I courted her,
Thrice hath mine hand been moistned with her hand,
Whilst my poor ramisht eyes do feed on that
Which made them ramish: I am infortunate,
I still love one, yet no bodie loves me,
I muse in other men what women see,
That I so want? fine mistris Rose was coy,
And th's too curious, oh no, she is chaste,
And for she thinks me wanton, she denies
To cheare my could heart with her sunny eyes,
How prettily she works, oh pretie hand!
Oh happy worke, it doth me good to stand
Unseene to see her, this I oft have stood,
In frosty evenings, a light burning by her,
Endureing bitting cold, onely to eye her,
One onely look hath seem'd as rich to me
As a Kings crown, such is loves lunacie:
Muffled I'le passe along, and by that try
Whether she know me.

Jane. Sir, what ist you buy?
What ist you lack sir? cambrick, or lawn,
Fine cambricke shirts, or bands, what will you buy?

Ham. That which thou wilt not sell, faith yet I'le trie:
How do you sell this handkercher?

Jane. Good cheape.

Ham. And how these ruffes?

Jane. Cheape too.

Ham. And how this band? Jane. Cheap too.

Ham. All cheape, how sell you then this hand?

Jane. My hands are not to be sold.

Ham. To be given then, nay faith I come to buy.

Jane. But none knowes when.

Ham Good sweet leave worke a little while, lets play.

Jane. I can not live by keeping holliday.

Ham. I'le pay you for the time which shall be lost.

Jane. With me you shall not be at so much cost.

Ham.

Ham. Look how you wound this cloth, so you wound me.
Jane. It may be so.
Ham. 'Tis so.
Jane. What remedy?
Ham. May faith you are too coy.
Jane. Let go my hand.
Ham. I will doe any task at your command.
I would let go this beautie, were I not,
In mind to disobey you by a power
That controules Kings: I love you.
Jane. So, now part.
Ham. With hand I may but never with my heart.
In faith I love you.
Jane. I beleeve you doe.
Ham. Shall a true love in me breed hate in you?
Jane. I hate you not.
Ham. Then you must love.
Jane. I do; what are you better now? I love not you.
Ham. All this I hope is but a womans fray,
That meanes come to me when she cries away.
In earnest mistris I do not jest.
A true chast love hath entred in my brest.
I love you dearely as I do my life,
I loves you as a husband loves a wife.
That and no other love my love requires,
Thy wealth I know is little; my desires,
Thirst not for gold sweet beautious Jane what's mine,
Shall (if thou make my self thine) all be thine.
Say, judge, what is thy sentence, life, or death?
Pitie or cruelitie lies in thy breath.
Jane. Good sir I do beleeve you love me well:
For tis a freely conquest, feely pride,
For one like you (I meane a Gentleman)
To boast that by his love tricks he hath brought,
Such and such women to his amorous lure:
I think you do not so, yet many do,
And make it eben a very trade to woo.
I could be coy, as many women be,

Feed you with Sun-shine smiles and wanton looks.
But I detest witch-craft: say that I
Do constantly beleeve you, constant have.
Ham. Why doest thou not beleeve me:
Iane. I beleeve you,
But yet good sir, because I will not greeve you,
With hope to take fruit which will never fall,
In simple truth this is the summe of all,
My husband lives, at least I hope he lives,
Prest was he to those bitter warres in France,
Bitter they are to me by wanting him,
I have but one heart, and that heart's his due,
How can I then bestow the same on you?
Whilst he lives his I live, be it here so poore,
And rather be his wife, then a Kings whore.
Ham. Chaste and deare woman, I will not abuse thee,
Although it cost my life, if thou refuse,
Thy husband prest for France, what was his name?
Iane. Rafe Damport.
Ham. Damport, here's a letter sent
From France to me, from a deare friend of mine,
A Gentleman of place, here he doth write,
Their names that have been slain in every fight.
Iane. I hope deaths scrowle containes not my lotes name.
Ham. Can you read?
Iane. I can.
Ham. Peruse the same.
To my remembrance such a name I read
Amongst the rest: see here.
Iane. Ay me, he's dead,
He's dead, if this be true my deare hearts slaine.
Ham. Have patience, deare love.
Iane. Hence, hence.
Ham. Nay sweet Jane.
Make no poore sorrow proud with these rich teares,
I mourne thy husbands death because thou mournest.
Iane. That bill is forg'd, 'tis sign'd by forgerie.
Ham. I'le bring thee letters sent besides to many

Carrying

Carrying the like report : Iane tis too true,
Come, weepe not : mourning though it rise from love,
Helps not the mourned, yet hurts them that mourne.
Iane. For Gods sake leave me.
Ham. Whither dost thou turne?
Forget the dead, love them that are alive,
His love is faded trie how mine will thrive.
Iane. 'Tis now no time for me to think on loue.
Ham. 'Tis now best time for you to think on love, because your love lives not.
Iane. Though he be dead, my loue to him shal not be buried,
For Gods sake leave me to my self alone.
Ham. I'would kill my soul to leave the ground in mone,
Answer me to my suite, and I am gone,
Say to me, yea, or no.
Iane. No.
Ham. Then farewell, one farewell will not serue, I come againe, come drie these wet cheekes, tell me faith sweet Iane, yea or no, once more.
Iane. Once more I say no, once more be gon I pray, else will I go,
Ham. May then I will grow rude by this white hand,
Untill you change that cold no, here I'le stand,
Till by you hard heart.
Iane. May for Gods loue peace,
My sorrows by your presence more increase,
Not that you thus are present, but all griefe
Desires to be alone, therefore in briefe
Thus much I say, and saying bid adieu,
If ever I wed man it shall be you.
Ham. Oh blessed voice, deare Iane, I'le urge no more,
Thy breath hath made me rich.
Iane. Death makes me poor, Exeunt.

Enter Hodg at his shop boord, Rafe, Firk, Hans, and a boy at work.

All. Hey down, a down derry.
Hodg. Well said my hearts, plie your work to day, wee loytred yesterday, to it pell mell, that we may liue to be Lord Mayors,

Mayors, or Aldermen at least.

Firk. Hey down a down dery.

Hodg. Well said ifaith, how saist thou Hans, doth not Firk tickle it?

Hans. Yaw meester,

Firk. Not so neither, my Organ pips squeaks this morning for want of liquoring: hey down a down dery.

Hans. Forward Firk, tow best an jolly yongster hort I meester it bid yo cut me un paire vanpres vor meester Effres bots.

Hodg. Thou shalt Hans.

Firk. Master.

Hodg. How now, boy?

Firk. Pray, now you are in the cutting vaine, cut me out a paire of counterfeits, or else my work will not passe currant, hey down a down dery.

Hodg. Tell me sirs, are my cozen Mr. Pricillas shoes done?

Firk. Your cozen? no matter, one of your aunts, hang her let them alone.

Rafe. I am in hand with them, she gave charge that none but I should do them for her.

Firk. Thou do for her? then 'twill be but a lame doing, and that she lotes not: Rafe, thou might'st have sent her to me, in faith I would have yearkt and firkt your Precilla, hey down a down dery, this geer will not hold.

Hodge. How saist thou Firk? were we not merry at Old-Ford?

Firk. How merry? why our buttockes went Jiggy Joggy like a quagmire: well sir Roger Oatemeale, if I thought all meat of that nature, I would eate nothing but Bagpuddings.

Rafe. Of all good fortunes, my fellow Hans had the best.

Firk. 'Tis true, because mistris Rose drank to him.

Hodge. Well, well, worke apace, they say seven of the Aldermen be dead, or very sick.

Firk. I care not, I'le be none.

Rafe. No nor I, but then my Mr Eyre will come quickly to be Lord Mayor. Enter Sibill.

Firk. Whoop, yonder comes Sibill.

Hodg.

Hodge. Sibil, welcom ifath, and how dost thou mad wench?

Firk. Sib. whooze, welcome to London.

Sibill. Godamercy sweet Firk: good Lord, Hodge, what a delicious shop you have got, you tickle it ifastly.

Rafe. God a mercy Sibil for our good cheer at old Ford.

Sibill. That you shall have Rafe.

Firk. May by the masse, we had tickling cheere Sibill, and how the plague dost thou and mistris Rose, and my L. Pryor? I put the woman in first.

Sibill. Well Godamercy, but Gods me, I forget my self, wheres Hans the Flemming?

Firke. Hearke butter-box, now you must pelp out some tyreken.

Hans. Hat begate gon bat bod gon Frisker.

Sibill. Marrie you must come to my young Mistris, to pull on her hose as you made last.

Hans. Har ben your egle fro, bare ben your mistris?

Sibill. Marrie here at our London house in Cozneh ll.

Firke. Will no body serve her turn but Hans?

Sibil. No sir, come Hans I stand upon needles.

Hod. Why then Sibil take heed of pricking.

Sibil. For that let me alone, I have a trick in my budget, come Hans.

Hans Paw paw, ic sall meete you gane Exit Hans and Sib.

Hodg. Go Hans, make hast againe: come, who lackes worke?

Firk. I master, for I lack my breakfast, 'tis munching time and past.

Hodg. Is't so, why then leave work Rafe, to breakefast, boy look to the tooles, come Rafe, come Firk. Exeunt.

Enter a Servingman.

Ser. Let me see now the sign of the Last in Tower-street, mas yonders the house: what haw, who's within? Enter Rafe.

Rafe. Who calls there, what want you sir?

Ser. Marrie I would have a peire of shoes made for a Gentlewoman against to morrow morning, what can you do them?

Rafe. Yes sir, you shal have them, what length's her foot.

Ser. Why you must make them in all parts like this shoe, but

but at any hand faile not to do them, for the Gentlewoman is to be married very early in the morning.

Rafe. How by this shooe must it be made? by this? are you sure sir by this?

Ser. How, by this? I am sure, by this art thou in thy wits? I tell thee I must have a paire of shooes, dost thou marke me? a paire of shoes, two shoes made by this very shoe, this same shooe, against to morrow morning by foure a clock, dost thou understand me, canst do it?

Rafe. Yes sir, yes, I, I, I, can do't, by this shooe, you say: I should know this shooe? yes sir, yes, by this shooe, I can do't, foure a clocke, well, whither shall I bring them?

Ser. To the signe of the golden ball in Watling-street, enquire for one Master Hammon, a Gentleman, my master.

Rafe. Yes sir, by this shooe you say.

Ser. I say master Hammon at the golden ball, he's the Bride-groome, and those shooes are for his bride.

Rafe. They shall be done by this shooe; well, well, master Hammon at the golden shoe, I should say the golden ball, wel, very well, but I pray you sir, where must master Hammon be married?

Ser. At Saint Faith's Church under Pauls: but what's that to thee? prethee dispatch those shooes, and so farewell. Exit.

Rafe. By this shooe said he, how I am amaz'd
At this strange accident? upon my life,
This was the very shooe I gave my wife
When I was prest for France; since when, alas,
I never could heare of her: 'tis the same,
And Hammons bride no other than my Jane. Enter Firk.

Firk. Snailes Rafe, thou hast lost thy part of three pots, a countriman of mine gave me to breakfast.

Rafe. I care not, I have found a better thing.

Firk. A thing? away; is it a mans thing or a womans thing

Rafe. Firk, dost thou know this shooe?

Firk. No by my troth neither doth that know me: I have no acquaintance with it, 'tis a meere stranger to me.

Rafe. Why then I do; this shooe I durst be sworne

Once

Once covered the intkep of my lane:
This is her size, her breadth, thus trod my love,
These true-love knots I prickt, I hold my life,
By this old shooe I shall finde out my wife.

Firk. Ha, ha, old shooe, that were now how a murren came this ague fit of foolishnesse upon thee?

Rafe. Thus Firk, even now here came a Servingman,
By this shooe would he have a new paire made,
Against to morrow morning for his mistris,
That's to be married to a Gentleman,
And why may not this be my sweet lane?

Firk. And why maiest not thou be my sweet Asse? ha, ha.

Rafe. Well, laugh and spare not, but the truth is this,
Against to morrow morning I'le provide
A lusty crew of honest shoomakers,
To watch the going of the bride to Church:
If she prove lane, I'le take her in despite
of Hammon and the Devill, were he by,
If it be not my lane, what remedy:
Hereof I am sure I shall live till I die,
Although I never with a woman lie.

Firk. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates? Well, God sends fooles fortune, and it may be he may light upon his matrimony by such a device, for wedding and hanging goes by destinie. Exeunt.

Enter Hans and Rose arme in arme.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee,
O I did feare such crosse mishaps did raigne,
That I should never see my Rose againe.

Rose. Sweet Lacy, since faire opportunitie,
Offers her self to further our escape,
Let not too over fond esteem of me,
Hinder that happie houre, invent the meanes,
And Rose will follow thee to morrow all the world.

Hans. O how I surfeit with excesse of joy,
Made happie by thy rich perfection:
But since thou payst sweet interest to my hopes,
Redoubling love on love, let me once more

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Againſt to morrow morning for his miſtris,
That's to be married to a Gentleman,
And why may not this be my ſweet lane?

Firk. And why maieſt not thou be my ſweet Alſe? ha, ha.

Rafe. Well, laugh and ſpare not, but the truth is this,
Againſt to morrow morning I'le provide
A lucky crew of honeſt ſhoomakers,
To watch the going of the bride to Church:
If ſhe prove lane, I'le take her in deſpite
of Hammon and the Devill, were he by,
If it be not my lane, what remedy:
Hereof I am ſure I ſhall live till I dye,
Although I never with a woman lie.

Firk. Thou lie with a woman to build nothing but Cripplegates? Well, God ſends fooles fortune, and it may be he may light upon his matrimony by ſuch a device, for wedding and hanging goes by deſtinie. Exeunt.

Enter Hans and Roſe arme in arme.

Hans. How happy am I by embracing thee,
O I did feare ſuch croſſe miſhaps did raigne,
That I ſhould never ſee my Roſe againe.

Roſe. Sweet Lacy, ſince faire opportunitie,
Offers her ſelf to further our eſcape,
Let not too over fond eſteem of me,
Hinder that happie houre, invent the meanes,
And Roſe will follow thee thorow all the world.

Hans. O how I ſurfeit with exceſſe of joy,
Made happie by thy rich perfection:
But ſince thou payſt ſweet intereſt to my hopes,
Redoubling love on love, let me once more

Like too bold-fac'd debtor crave of thee,
This night to steale abroad, and at Eyres house,
Where now bydeath of certaine Aldermen,
Is Mayor of London and my master once,
Meete thou thy Lacy, where in spight of change,
Your fathers anger, and mine uncles hate,
Our happy nuptials will we consummate. Enter Sibill.

Sibill. Oh God, what will you do mistris? shift for your self, your father is at hand, he's comming, he's comming, master Lacy hide your self in my mistris, for Gods sake shift for your selves.

Hans. Your father come, sweet Rose, what shall I do? Where shall I hide me? how shall I escape?

Rose. A man and want wit in extremitie,
Come come, be Hans still, play thy shoomaker,
Pull on my shooe. Enter L. Maior.

Hans. Mas and that's well remembred.

Sibil. Here comes your father.

Hans. For ware metrelle, 'tis un good skow, it sal bel aute, or ye sal niet bettalen.

Rose. O God it pincheth me, what will you do.

Hans. Your fathers presence pincheth, not the shooe.

L. Ma. Well done sit my daughter well, and she shall please thee well.

Hans. Yaw, yaw, ick wiet dat well, for ware 'tis un good skoo, tis gi mait bannets leither, se eber mine here.

Enter a Prentise.

L. Ma. I do beleeve it, what's the newes with you?

Pren. Please you the Earle of Lincolne at the gate is newly lighted, and would speak with you.

L. Ma. The Earle of Lincolne come speak with me? Well, well, I know his errand, daughter Rose
Send hence your shoomaker dispatch, have done:
Sib make things handsome, sir hop follow me. Exit.

Hans. My father come; O what may this portend?
Swæt Rose, this of our love threatens an end.

Rose. Be not dismaid a, this what ere befall,
Rose is thine own, to witnesse I speak truth,

Where

Where thou appointſt the place, I'le meet with thee;
I will not ſtay a day to follow thee,
But preſently ſteale hence: do not replie,
Love which gave ſtrength to beare my fathers hate,
Shall now adde wings to further our eſcape. Exeunt.

Enter Lord Maior and Lincoln.

L. Ma. Beleeve me on my credit I ſpeak truth,
Since firſt your nephew Lacy went to France,
I have not ſeene him: It ſeem'd ſtrange to me,
When Dodger told me that he ſtaied behinde,
Neglecting the high charge the King impoſed.

Lin. Truſt me (Sir Roger Otley) I did think
Your counſell had given head to this attempt,
Drawne to it by the love he beares your childe,
Here I did hope to finde him in your houſe,
But now I ſee mine error, and confeſſe
My judgement wrong'd you by conceiving ſo.

L. Ma. Lodge in my houſe, ſay you? truſt me my Lord,
I love your nephew Lacy too too dearely,
So much to wrong his honour: and he hath done ſo,
That firſt gave him advice to ſtay from France.
To witneſſe I ſpeak truth, I let you know
How carefull I have been to keep my daughter
Free from all conference or ſpeech of him,
Not that I ſcorne your nephew, but in love
I beare your honour leſt your noble bloud,
Should by my meane worth be diſhoncured.

Lin. How far the charles tongue wanders from his heart.
Well, well Sir Roger Otley, I beleeve you,
With more than many thankes for the kinde love,
So much you ſeeme to beare me: but my Lord,
Let me requeſt your helpe to ſeeke my nephew,
Whom if I finde, I'le ſtraite imbarke for France;
So ſhall your Roſe be free my thoughts at reſt,
And much care die which now lies in my breſt. Enter Sibil.

Sibill. Oh Lord, helpe for Gods ſake, my miſtris, Oh my young miſtris

L. Ma. Where is thy miſtris? what's become of her?

Sibil.

Sibill. She's gone, she's fled.

L. Ma. Gone? whither is she fled?

Sib. I know not forsooth, she's fled out of the doores with Hans the Shoomaker, I saw them scud, scud, scud, apace, apace.

L. Ma. Which way? what Iohn? where be my men? which waie.

Sib. I know not and it please your worship.

L. Ma. Fled with a shoomaker, can this be true?

Sib. O Lord sir, as true as you are Lord Mayor.

Lin. Her love turnd shoomaker? I am glad of this.

L. Ma. A Flemming butter-box, a shoomaker.
Will she forget her birth? requite my care
With such ingratitude? scorn'd she young Hammon,
To love an honnikin, a needy knave?
Well let her flie, I'le not flie after her,
Let her starve if she will, she's none of mine.

Lin. Be not so cruell sir.

Enter Firk with shooes.

Sib. I am glad she's scapt.

L. Ma. I'le not account of her as my childe,
Was there no better object for her eyes,
But a foule drunken lubbery swill-bellie,
A shoomaker, that's brave.

Firk. Yea forsooth'tis a very brave shooe, and as fit as a pudding.

L. Ma. How now, what knave is this, from whence commest thou?

Firk. No knave sir, I am Firk the shoomaker, lustie Rogers chiefe lusty Iourneyman, and I come hither to take up the pretty leg of sweet mistris Rose, and thus hoping that your worship is in as good health as I was at the making hereof, I bid you farewell, yours Firk.

L. Ma. Stay, stay, sir knave.

Lin. Come hither shoomaker.

Firk. 'Tis happie the knave is put before the shoomaker, or elfe I would not have vouchsafed to come back to you, I am moved, for I stirre.

L. Ma. My Lord, this villaine calls us knaves by craft.

Firk.

Firk. Then 'tis by the Gentle Craft, and to call one knave gently is no harme: sit your worship merrie: Sib. your young mistris. I'le so bob them, now my master M. Eyre is Lord Maior of London.

L. Ma. Tell me sirra, whose man are you.

Firk. I am glad to see your worship so merrie, I have no maw to this geere, no stomack as yet to a red petticoat.

Pointing to Sibill.

Lin. He meanes not sir to wooe you to this maid,
But onely doth demand whose man you are.

Firk. I sing now to the tune of Rogero, Roger my fellow is now my master.

Lin. Sirra, knowst thou one Hans a shoomaker?

Firk. Hans Shoomaker, oh yes, stay, yes I have him, I tell you what, I speake it in secret, mistris Rose and he are by this time, no not so, but they are to come over one another, with Can you dance the shaking of the sheets? it is that Hans, I'le so gull these diggers.

L. Ma. Knowst thou then where he is?

Firk. Yes forsooth, yea marry.

Lin. Canst thou intice him?

Firk. No forsooth, no marry.

L. Ma. Tell me good honest fellow where he is,
And thou shalt see what I'le bestow of thee.

Firk. Honest fellow, no sir, not so sir, my profession is the Gentle Craft, I care not for feeling, I love feeling, let me feel if here *aurium tenus* ten pieces of gold, *genuum tenus*, ten pieces of silver, and then Firk is your man in a new paire of stretchers.

L. Ma. Here is an angell part of thy reward,
Which I will give thee, tell me where he is.

Firk. No point, shall I betray my brother? no: shall I prove Judas to Hans? no: shall I crie treason to my corporation? no, I shall be strait and periit then, but give me your angell, your angell shall tell you.

Lin. Do so good fellow, 'tis no hurt to thee.

Firk. Send simpring Sib away.

L. Ma. Huswife get you in.

Firk.

Firk. Witchers have eares, and maids have wide mouths: but for Hans praunce, upon my word to morrow morning he and young mistris Rose go to this geere, they shall be married together by this ruth, or else turne Firk to a firkin of butter to tan leather withall.

L. Ma. But art thou sure of this?

Firk. Am I sure that Paules-steeple is a hmofull higher than London stone? or that the pissing Conduit leaks nothing but pure mother Bunch? am I sure I am lustie Firk? I nailes do you think I am so base to gull you?

Lin. Where are they married? dost thou know the Church?

Firk. I never go to Church, but I know the name of it, it is a swearing Church, stay a while, 'tis, I by the mas: no, no 'tis, I by my troth, no nor that, 'tis I by my faith, that that, 'tis I by my faiths Church under Paules Crosse, there they shall be knit like a paire of stockins in matrimony, there they'le be in cony.

Upon my life my Nephew Lacy walkes,
In the disguise of this Dutch shoemaker.

Firk. Yes forsooth.

Lin. Doth he not honest shoomaker?

Firk. No so sooth I think Hans is no body but Hans, no spirit.

L. Ma. My minde misgives me now 'tis so indeed.

Lin. My cozen speakes the language, knowes the trade.

L. Ma. Let me request your company my Lord,
Your honourable presence may, no doubt,
Refraine the rash head-strong rashnesse when my selfe
Going alone perchance may be ore-borne:
Shall I request this favour?

Lin. This, or what else.

Firk. Then you must rise betimes, for they meane to fall to their hey passe, and repasse, pinny pandy, which hand will you have very early.

L. Ma. My care shall every way equall their haste,
This night accept your lodging in my house,
The earlier shall we stir, and at Saint Faiths
Prevent this giddie hare-braind Nuptiall,

This

This ſtrikes of hot love ſhall yeeld cold gaines,
They ban our loues and wee'le forbid their baines. Exit.

Lin. At Saint Faiths Church thou ſaiſt?

Firk. Yes, by their troth.

Lin. Be ſecret on thy life. Exit.

Firk. Yet when I kille your wife, ha, ha, here's no craft in the Gentle Craft, I came hither of purpoſe with hoodes to Sir Rogers worſhip, whilſt Roſe his daughter be cony-catcht by Hans: ſoft now, theſe two guls will be at Saint Faiths Church to morrow morning to take maſter Bridegroom, and miſtris Bride napping, and they in the meane time ſhall chop vp the matter of the Hauy: but the beſt ſport is, Sir Roger Oatley will finde my fellow lame Rafes wife going to marrie a Gentleman: and then he'le ſtop her inſtead of his Daughter; O braue, there will be fine tickling ſport: ſoft now, what haue I to do? O I know, now a meſſe of the omakers meat at the Woolſack in Ivy lane, to cozen my Gentleman of lame Rafes wife, that's true, alack, alack, girles hold out tack, for now knockes for this jumbling ſhal go to wrack. Exit.

Enter Eyre, his wife, Hans and Roſe.

Eyre. This is the morning then, ſay my bully, my honeſt Han', is it not?

Hans. This is the morning that muſt make us two happie or miſerable, therefore if you——

Eyre. Away with theſe ifs and ands Hans, and theſe & ceteras, by mine honour Rowland Lacy, none but the King ſhall wrong thee: come feare nothing, am not I Sim Eyre? Is not Sim Eyre L. Maior of London? feare nothing Roſe, let them ſay all what they can, dainty come thou to me, laugheſt thou?

Wife. God my Lord ſtand her friend in what thing you may.

Eyre. Why my ſweet Lady Maggy, think you Simon Eyre can forget his fine Dutch Journeyman? no bah. Fie I ſcorne it, it ſhall never be caſt in my teeth, that I was unthankfull. Lady Maggy, thou haſt never covered thy Saracens head with this French flappe, nor loaden thy bumme with this farthingale, 'tis trafh, trumperie, vanitie, Simon

Eyre had never walkt in a red petticote, nor wore a chain of Gold but for my fine Journeymans Portigues, and shall I leave him? No: Prince am I none, yet beare a Princely mind.

Hans. My Lord, 'tis time to part from hence.

Eyre. Lady Maggy, Lady Maggy, take two or three of my Pie-crust eaters, my Buffe-jerkin varlets, that do walk in black gownes at Simon Eyres heeles, take them good Lady Maggy, trip and go, my brown Queen of Periwigs, with my delicate Rose and my jolly Rowland to the Savoy, fit them linkt, countenance the marriage, and when it is done, cling, cling together, you Hamborow Turtle Doves, I'le beare you out, come to Simon Eyre, come dwell with me Hans, thou shalt eate mine'd pies, and marchpane. Rose, away cricket, trip and go, my Lady Maggy, to the Savoy. Hans, wed, and to bed, kisse and away, go vanish.

Wife. Farewel my Lord.

Rose. Make haste sweet love.

Wife. Sheed fains the deed were done.

Hans. Come my sweet Rose, faster than Deere we'l run.

Exeunt.

Eyre. Go, vanish, vanish, avaunt I say: by the Lord of Lud-gate, it's a mad life to be a Lord Mayor, tis a stirring life, a fine life, a velvet life, a carefull life. Well Simon Eyre, yet set a good face on it, in the honour of Saint Hugh. Soft, the King this day comes to dine with me, to see my new buildings, his Majesty is welcome, he shall have good cheere, delicate cheere, princely cheere. This day my fellow prentizes of London come to dine with me too, they shal have fine cheer, gentle man like cheer. I promised the mad Cappadocians, when we all served at the Conduit together, that if ever I came to be Mayor of London, I would feast them all, I'le do't, I'le do't by the life of Pharaoh, by this beard Sim Eyre will be no flincher. Besides I have procured, that upon every Shrove tuesday at the sound of the Pancake-bell, my fine dapper Assirian lads shall clap up their shop windowes, and away, this is the day and this day they shal do't they shall do't boyes, that day are you free, let masters care, and prentizes shall pray for Simon Eyre.

Exit.

Enter

Enter Hodg, Firk, Rafe, and five or six Shoomakers, all with cudgels, or such weapons.

Hodg. Come Rafe, stand to it Firk: my masters, as we are the brave bloods of the Shoomakers, heirs apparant to Saint Hugh; and perpetuall benefactors to all good fellows: thou shalt have no wrong: were Hammon a king of Spades, he should not delve in thy close without thy sufferance: but tell me Rafe, art thou sure 'tis thy wife;

Rafe. Am I sure this is Firk? This morning when I strokt on her shoes, I looke upon her, and she upon me, and sighed, at me if ever I knew one Rafe. Yes said I: for his sake said she (teares standing in her eyes) and for that thou art somewhat like him, I pend this piece of gold: I tooke it: my lame leg, and my travel beyond sea made me unknowne. all is one for that, I know she's mine.

Firk. Did she give thee this gold? O glorious glittering gold: she's thine owne, 'tis thy wife, and she loves thee, for I'le stand too't, there's no woman will give gold to any man, but she thinkes better of him then she thinkes of them she gives all her to: and for Hammon, neither Hammon nor Hangman shall wrong thee in London: Is not our old Master Eyre Lord Mayor? Speake my hearts.

All. Yes, and Hammon shall know it to his cost.

Enter Hammon, his man, and Jane, and others.

Hodg. Peace my bullies, yonder they come.

Rafe. Stand too't my hearts, Firk, let me speak first.

Hodg. No Rafe, let me: Hammon, whither away so early?

Ham. Unmannerly rude slave, what's that to thee?

Firk. To him sir? yes sir, and to me, and others: good mor-row Jane, how dost thou? good Lord, how the world is changed with you, God be thanked.

Ham. Villaines, hands off, how dare you touch my love?

All. Villaines: down with them, cry clubs for prentizes.

Hodg. Hold, my hearts: touch her Hammon? yea and more than that, we'le carrie her away with us. My masters and gentlemen, never draw your bird spits, shoomakers are stale to the back, men very inch of them all spirit.

All of Hammons side. Well and what of all this?

Hod. I'le shew you : Iane, dost thou know this man? 'tis Rafe I can tell thee : nay, 'tis he in faith, though he be lam'd by the warrs, yet look not strange, but run to him, fold him about the neck and kisse him.

Jane. Lives then my husband? oh God let me go,
Let me inbrace my Rafe.

Ham. What meanes my Jane?

Jane. Nay what meant you, to tell me he was slaine?

Ham. Parden me deare love for being misled,
'Twas rumord here in London thou wert dead.

Firk. Thou seest he lives: Lasse, go pack home with him: now M. Hammon, where's your mistris your wife?

Ser. S'wounds M. fight for her, will you lose her?

All. Down with that creature, clubs, down with him.

Hodg. Hold, hold.

Ham. Hold fool : sirs he shall do no wrong,
Will my Iane leave me thus, and break her faith?

Firk. Yes sir, she must sir, she shall sir, what then? mend it.

Hodg. Heark fellow Rafe, follow my counsell, set the wench in the midest, and let her chuse her man, and let her be his woman.

Iane. Whom should I chuse? whom should my thoughts affect,
But him whom Heaven hath made to be my love?
Thou art my husband, and these humble weedes,
Make thee more beautiful then all his wealth,
Therefore I will but put off his attire,
Returning it into the owners hand,
And ever after be thy constant wife.

Hodg. Not a rag Iane, the Law's on our side, he that sowes in a other mans ground forfeits his harvest, get thee home Rafe, follow him Iane, he shall not have so much as a busk point from thee.

Firk Stand to that Rafe, the appurtenances are thine owne, Hammon, look not at her.

Ser. O sounds no.

Firk. Blew coat be quiet, we'l give you a new Liverie else, we'l make Shrove Tuesday Saint Georges day for you : look not Hammon, leare not, I'le firk you, for thy

head

head now one glance, one sheeps eye, any thing at her, touch not a ragge left I and my brethren beat you to clowts.

Ser. Come master Hammon, there's no striving here.

Ham. Good fellowes, here me speake: and honest Rafe, Whom I have injured most by loving Jane, Marke what I offer thee: here in faire gold, Is twentie pound, I'le give it for thy Jane, If this content thee not, thou shalt have more.

Hodg. Sell not thy wife Rafe, make her not a whore.

Ham. Say, wilt thou freely cease thy claime in her, And let her be my wife?

All. No, do not Rafe.

Rafe. Sirra Hammon, Hammon, dost thou think a shoomaker is so base, to be a bawd to his owne wife for cõmodity; take thy gold, choke with it: were I not lame, I would make thee eat thy words.

Firk. A shoomaker sell his flesh and blood, oh indignity!

Hodg. Sirra take up your pelfe, and be packing.

Ham. I will not touch one pennie, but in lieu, Of that great wrong I offered thy Jane? To Jane and thee I give that twentie pound, Since I have sold of her, during my life, I vow no woman else shall be my wife: Farewell good fellowes of the gentle trade, Your morning mirth my mourning day hath made. Exit.

Firk. Touch the gold creature if you dare, y'are best be trudging: here Jane take thou it, now lets home my hearts.

Hodg. Stay, who coms here? Jane, on again with thy maske.

Enter Lincolne, Lord Mayor, and servants.

Lin. Ponders the lying varlet mockt us so.

L. Ma. Come hither sirra.

Firk. I sir, I am sirra you mean me, do you not?

Lin. Where is my nephew married?

Firk. Is he married? God give him joy, I am glad of it: they have a fair day, and the sign is a good Planet, Mars in Venus.

L. Ma. Villain, thou told'st me that my daughter Rose, This morning should be married at Saint Faiths,

We

We have watcht there these three hours at the least,
Yet we see no such thing.

Firk. Truely I am sorry for't, a Bride's a prettie thing.

Hodg. Come to the purpose, ponders the Bride and Bridegroom you look for I hope: though you be Lords, you are not to bar by your authority men from women, are you?

L. Ma. See see my daughter's maskt.

Lin. True, and my nephew,
To hide his guilt counterfeits him lame.

Firk. Yea truly, God help the poor couple, they are lame and blind.

L. Ma. Ile ease her blindnesse.

Lin. I'le his lamenesse cure.

Firk. Lye down sirs, and laugh, my fellow Raph is taken for Rowland Lacy, and Jane for mistris damask Rose, this is all my knavery.

L. Ma. What have I found you minion?

Lin. O base wretch,
May hide thy face, the horror of thy guilt
Can hardly be washt off: where are thy powers?
What battells have you made? O yes I see.
Thou foughtst with shame, and shame hath conquer'd thee;
This lamenesse will not serve.

L. Ma. Unmask your self.

Lin. Lead home your daughter.

L. Ma. Take your nephew hence.

Raph. Hence, Swounds what mean you? are you mad? I hope you cannot enforce my wife from me, wher's Hammon?

L. Ma. Your wife?

Lin. What Hammon?

Raph. Yea my wife, and therefore the proudest of you that lates hands on her first, I'le lay my Truth cross his pate.

Firk. To him lame Raph, here's brave sport.

Raph. Rose call you her? why her name is Jane, look here else, do you know her now?

Lin. Is this your daughter?

L. Ma. No no, this your nephew:
My Lord of Lincolne, we are both abus'd,

By

By this base crafty varlet.

Firk. Yea forsooth no Varlet, forsooth no base, forsooth I am but mean, not crafty neither, but of the Gentle-Craft.

L. Ma. Where is my daughter Rose? where is my child?

Lin. Where is my Nephew Lacy married?

Firk. Why here is good lac'd mutton as I promise you.

Lin Villaine I'le have thee punisht for this wrong.

Firk. Punish the Journeyman villaine, but not the Journeyman shoomaker. Enter Dodger.

Dod. My Lord I come to bring unwelcome newes,
Your Nephew Lacy, and your daughter Rose,
Earely this morning wedded at the Savoy,
None being present but the Lady Mayresse:
Besides I learnt among the Officers,
The Lord Mayor vowes to stand in their defence,
Gainst any that shall seek to crosse the match.

Lin. Dares Eyre the Shoomaker uphold the deed?

Firk. Yes sir, Shoomakers dare stand in a womans quarel I warrant as deep as another, and deeper too.

Dod. Besides his Grace to day dines with the Maior,
Who on his knees humbly intends to fall,
And beg a pardon for your Nephews fault.

Lin. But I'le prevent him, come sir Roger Otley,
The King will do us justice in this cause,
How ere their hands have made them man and wife,
I will disjoyn the match, or lose my life. Exeunt.

Firk. Adieu Monsieur Dodger, farewel fools, ha, ha.
Oh if they had staid I would have so lambd them with flouts,
O heart, my Codpeece-point is ready to flye in pieces every time I think upon Mistris Rose, but let that passe, as my Ladie Mayresse sayes.

Hodge. This matter is answered: come Rafe, home with thy wife, come my fine Shoomakers, let's to our Masters the new Lord Mayor, and there swagger this Shrove-Tuesday, I'le promise you Wine enough, for Madge keeps the Seller.

All. O rare! Madge is a good wench.

Firk. And Ile promise you meat enough, for simpring Sue keeps the Larder, I'l lead you to victuals my brave souldiers

follow

follow your Captaine, O brave, heark, heark, Bell rings.

All. The Pancake bell rings, the Pancak bell, tri-lill my hearts.

Firk. O brave, oh sweet bell, O delicate Pancakes, open the doore my hearts, and shut up the windowes, keep in the house, let out the Pancakes, oh rare my hearts, let's march together for the honor of S. Hugh, to the great new hall in Gracious street corner, which our Master the new Lord Mayor hath built.

Rafe. O the crew of good fellowes that will dine at my Lord Mayors cost to day.

Hodg. The Lord Mayor is a most brave man, how shall Prentises be bound to pray for him and the honour of the Gentlemen Shoemakers? let's feed and be fat with my L. Mayors bounty.

Firk. O musicall Bell still! O Hodg, O my brethren; there's cheere for the Heavens, venison pasties walk up and down piping hot like Serjeants: Beefe and Brewes comes marching in drie fattes, fritters and Pancakes come trolling in wheele-barrowes, hens and oringes hopping in Porters baskets, Collops and Egs in scuttles, and Tarts & Custards comes quavering in malt shovels. Enter more prentises.

All. Whoop look here.

Hodg. How now mad lads whither away so fast?

1 Pren. Whether? why to the great new Hall, know you not why? the Lord Mayor hath bidden all the prentises in London to breakfast this morning.

All. Oh brave shoemaker! oh brave Lord of incomprehensible good fellowship, whoo! heark you, the Pancak-Bell rings. Cast up Caps.

Firk. Nay more my hearts, every Shrove-tuesday is our yeare of Jubile: and when the pancake-Bell rings, we are as free as my Lord Mayor, we may shut up our shops and make holiday: I'le have it cal'd Saint Hughs Holiday.

All. Agreed, agreed, Saint Hughs Holiday.

Hodg. And this shall continue for ever.

All. Oh brave come come my hearts, away, away.

Firk. O eternall credit to us of the Gentle Craft, march faire

faire my hearts, O rare! Exeunt.

Enter the King and his traine over the ſtage.

King. Is our Lord mayor of London ſuch a gallant?

Nobleman. One of the merrieſt madcaps in your Land, your Grace will think when you behold the man, he's rather a wild Ruffian then a Maior: yet thus much I'le enſure your Majeſtie, In all his actions that concerne his ſtate, He is as ſerious, provident, and wiſe, As full of gravity amongſt the grave, As any Maior hath been this many yeares.

King. I am with child till I behold this huffe-cap, But all my doubt is when we come in preſence, His madneſſe will be daſht cleane out of countenance.

Noblem. It may be ſo my Liege.

King. Which to prevent, Let ſome one give notice 'tis our pleaſure, That he put on his wonted merriment: Set forwards. All. On afore. Exeunt.

Enter, Eyre, Hodg, Firk, Rafe, and other Shoomakers, all with napkins on their ſhoulders.

Eyre. Come my fine Hodg, my jolly Gentlemen ſhoomakers, ſoft, where be theſe Canballes, theſe varlets my officers? let them all walke and wait upon my brethren, for my meaning is, that none but Soomakers, none but the liverie of my Company ſhall in their ſattin hoods wait upon the trencher of my Soveraigne.

Firk. O my Lord, it will be rare.

Eyre. No more Firk, come lively, let your fellow prentiſes want no cheere, let wine be plentifull as beer, and beer as water, hang theſe peny pinching fathers, that cram wealth in innocent Lambs ſkins, rip knaves, avant, look to my gueſts

Hodg. My Lord, we are at our wits end for roome, thoſe hundred Tables will not ſeaſt the fourth part of them.

Eyre. Then cover me thoſe hundred Tables again and again, till all my jolly prentiſſes be ſeaſted: avoid Hodg, run Raph, ſtirre about my nimble Firk, carowſe me ſadoms healths to the honour of ſhoomakers, do they drink

lively Hodg ? do they tickle it Firk ?

Firk. Tickle it? some of them have taken their liquor standing so long, that they can stand no longer : but for meat they would eat it and they had it.

Eyre. Want they meat ? where's this swag-belly this greasie kitchinstuffe Cook, call the varlet to me: want meat ? Firk, Hodg, lame Rafe, run my tall men, beleaguer the Shambles, begger all East-cheap, serve me whole Oxen in Charges, and let sheep whine upon the tables like Pigs for want of good fellowes to eat them. Want meat ? vanish Firk, avant Hodg.

Hodg. Your Lordship mistakes my man Firk, he meanes their bellies want meat not the boords, for they have drunk so much they can eat nothing. Enter Hans, Rose, and Wife.

Wife. Where is my Lord ?

Eyre. How now Lady Maggy ?

Wife. The Kings most excellent Majestie is new come, he sends me for thy honor, one of his most worshipful Peers bad me tell thou must be merrie, and so forth : but let that passe.

Eyre. Is my Soveraigne come? vanish my tal Shoomakers my nimble brethren, look to my guests the prentizes: yet stay a little, how now Hans, how looks my little Rose ?

Hans. Let me request you to remember me,
I know your honour easily may obtaine,
Free pardon from the King for me and Rose,
And reconcile me to my Uncles grace.

Eyre. Have done my good Hans my honest Journeyman look cheerily, I'le fall upon both my knees till they be as hard as horne, but I'le get thy pardon.

Wif. God my Lord have a care what you speak to his Grace.

Eyre. Away you Islington whitepot, hence you happerarse, you Barley pudding full of maggots, you broild Carbonado, avant, avant, avoyd Mephistophilus : shall Sim Eyre learn to speak of you Lady Maggy? vanish mother Minever-Cap, vanish, go trip and go, meddle with your platters and your pisherie pasherie, your slemes and your whirligigs, go, rub out of mine alley : Sim Eyre knowes how to speak to a Pope, to Sultan Solyman, to Tamberlaine and he were here:

and

and shall I melt, shall I droop before my Soveraigne? no, come my Lady Maggy, follow me Hans, about your businesse my frolicke freebooters: Firk, frisk about, and about, and about for the honour of mad Simon Eyre, Lord Mayor of London.

Firk. Hey for the honour of Shoomakers. Exeunt.

A long flourish or two, enter the King, Nobles, Eyre, his Wife Lacy, Rose: Lacy and Rose kneele.

King. Well Lacy, though the fact was very foul,
Of your Revolting from our Kingly love,
And your own vowe, ye: we pardon you,
Rise both, and Victris Lacy, thank my Lord Mayor
For your young bridegroom here.

Eyre. So my deare Liege, Sim Eyre and my brethren the Gentlemen Shoomakers shall set your sweet Majesties Image cheek by jole by Saint Hugh, for this honour you have done poor Simon Eyre, I beseech your Grace pardon my rude behaviour, I am a handie crafts man, yet my heart is without craft, I would be sorrie at my soul that my boldnesse should offend my King.

King. Nay, I pray thee good Lord Mayor, be even as merry As if thou wert among the Shoomakers,
It does me good to see thee in this humour.

Eyre. Saist thou me so my sweet Diocletian? then hump, Prince am I none, yet am I Princely born, by the Lord of Ludgate my Liege, I'le be as merrie as a Pie.

King. Tell me in faith mad Eyre, how old thou art?

Eyre. My Liege, a very boy, a stripling, a yonker, you see not a white hair on my head, nor a gray in this beard, every haire I assure thy Majesty that stickes in this beard, Sim Eyre valewes at the Ransome of Babilons soldane, Tamar Chams beard was a rubbing brush too't, yet I'le shave it off, and stuffe tennise balles with it to please my bully King.

King. But all this while I do not know your age.

Eyre. My Liege, I am fix and fifty yeare old, yet I can cry hump, with a sound heart, for the honour of Saint Hugh, marke this old wench my King, I dare't the shaking of the Sheets with her six and thirty yeares ago, and yet I hope

to get two or three L. Mayors ere I die: I am lusty still, Sim Eyre still: care & cold longing brings white haires. My sweet Majesty, let care vanish, cast it upon thy Nobles, it will make thee look always young like Apollo, and cry humpe: Prince am I none, yet am I Princely born.

King. Ha, ha, say Cornwall, didst thou ever see his like?

Noblem. Not I my Lord.

Enter Lincolne and Lord Mayor.

King. Lincolne what newes with you?

Lin. My gracious Lord have care unto your self,
For there are Traitors here.

All. Traitors where? who?

Eyre. Traitors in my house? God forbid, where be my Officers? I'le spend my soule ere my King feel harm.

King. Where is the Traitor Lincolne?

Lin. Here he stands.

King. Cornewell, lay hands on Lacy: Lincolne speak,
What canst thou lay unto thy Nephews charge?

Lin. This my deare Liege, your Grace to do me honour,
Heapt on the head of this degenerous boy,
Defertlesse favours, you made choyce of him,
To be Commander over powers in France,
But he:

King. Good Lincolne, prethee pause a while,
Even in thine eyes I read what thou wouldst speak,
I knew how Lacy did neglect our love,
Ran himself deeply (in the highest degree)
Into vile treason.

Lin. Is he not a Traitor?

King. Lincolne, he was, now have we pardoned him,
'Twas not a base want of true valours fire
That held him out of France, but loves desire.

Lin. I will not bear his shame upon my back.

King. Nor shalt thou Lincolne, I forgive you both.

Lin. Then good my Liege forbid the boy to wed
One whose mean birth will much disgrace his bed.

King. Are they not married?

Lin. No my Liege.

Both,

Both. We are.
King. Shall I divorce them then? O be it farre,
That any hand on earth should dare untie
The sacred knot knit by Gods Majestie;
I would not for my Crown disjoyne their hands,
That are conjoyn'd in holy nuptiall bands:
How saist thou Lacy, wouldst thou lose thy Rose?
Hans. Not for all Indians wealth, my Soveraigne.
King. But Rose I'me sure her Lacy would forgo.
Rose. If Rose were askt that question thee'd say no.
King. You heare them Lincolne.
Lin. Yea my Liege I do.
King. And canst thou finde in heart to part those two
Who seekes besides you to divorce these lovers?
L. Ma. I do (my gratious Lord) I am her father.
King. Sir Roger Otely, our last Mayor I think.
Nob. The same my Liege.
King. Would you offend Loves lawes?
Well you shall have your wills: you sued to me
To prohibit the match: Sokt let me see,
You both are married, Lacy art thou not?
Hans. I am dread Soveraigne.
King. Then upon thy life,
I charge thee not to call this woman wife.
L. Ma. I thank your Grace.
Rose. O my most gracious Lord. kneele.
King. Nay Rose never woo me, I tell you true,
Although as yet I am a Batchelor,
Yet I beleeve I shall not marrie you.
Rose. Can you divide the body from the soul,
Yet make the body live?
King. Yea so profound?
I cannot Rose, but you I must divide;
Faire maid this Bridegroome cannot be your Bride,
Are you pleas'd Lincolne? Otley, are you pleas'd?
Both. Yes my Lord.
King. There must my heart be eas'd,
For credit me, my conscience lives in paine,

Till these whom I divorc'd be joynd againe:
Lacy give me thy hand, Rose lend me thine,
Be what you would be: kisse now: so, that's fine,
At night (Lovers) to bed: now let me see,
Which of you all mislikes this harmony?

L. Ma. Will you then take from me my child perporce?

King. Why tell me Otley shines not *Lacys* name,
As bright in the worlds eye, as the gay beames
Of any Citizen.

Lin. Yea but my gracious Lord,
I do mislike the match farre more than he,
Her bloud is too too base.

King. *Lincolne* no more,
Dost thou not know, that love respects no bloud?
Cares not for difference of birth or state,
The maid is youug, well borne, faire, vertuous,
A worthy Bride for any Gentleman:
Besides your Nephew for her sake did stoope
To bare necessitie; and as I hear,
Forgetting honours and all Courtly pleasures,
To gaine her love became a Shoomaker:
As for the honour which he lost in France,
Thus I redeeme it: *Lacy* kneele thee down,
Arise Sir Rowland *Lacy*: tell me now,
Tell me in earnest Otley, canst thou chide?
Seeing thy Rose a Lady and a Bride,

L. Ma. I am content with what your Grace hath done.

Lin. And I my Leige since there's no remedy.

King. Come on then all shake hands, I'l have you friends
Where there is much love all discord ends:
What saies my mad Lord Mayor to all this love?

Eyre. O my Liege, the honour you have done to my fine Journeyman here Rowland *Lacy*, and al these favours which you have showne to me this day in my poor house, will make Simon Eyre live longer by one dozen of warm Summers more than he should.

King. Ney my mad Lord Mayor, (that shall be thy name)
If any grace of mine can length thy life:

One honour more I'le do thee, that new building,
Which at thy cost in Cornehill is erected,
Shall take a name from us, wee'le have it call'd,
The Leaden Hall, because in digging it,
You found the lead that covereth the same.

Eyre. I thank your Majesty.

Wife. God blesse your grace.

King. Lincoln, a word with you.

Enter Hodg, Firk, and more Shoomakers.

Eyre. How now my mad knaves? Peace, speak softly yonder is the King.

King. With the old troope which there we keep in pay,
We will incorporate a new supply:
Before one Summer more passe ore my head,
France shall repent England was injured,
What are those?

Hans. All Shoomakers my Liege,
Sometimes my fellowes, in their compasse
I liv'd as merry as an Emperor.

King. My mad Lord Mayor, are all these Shoomakers?

Eyre. All Shoomakers my Liege, all Gentlemen of the Gentle Craft, true Troyans, couragious Cordwainers, they all kneele to the Shrine of holy Saint Hugh.

All. God save your Majesty.

King. Mad Simon, would they any thing with us?

Eyre. Hum mad knaves, not a word, I'le doo't I warrant you. They are all Beggers my Liege, al for themselves and I for them all, on both my knees do intreat, that for the honour of poor Simon Eyre, and the good of his brethren these mad knaves your Grace would vouchsafe some privilege to my new Leadenhall, that it may be lawfull for us to buy and sell Leather there two dayes in a week.

King. Mad Sim, I grant your sute you shall have Patent
To hold two market dayes in Leadenhall.
Mondayes and Fridayes, these shall be the times:
Will this content you?

All. Jesus blesse your Grace.

Eyre. In the name of these my poor brethren Shoomakers,

I most humblie thank your Grace. But before I rise, seeing you are in the giving veine, and we in the begging, grant Sim Eyre one boon more.

King. What is it my Lord Mayor?

Eyre. Vouchsafe to tast of a poor Banquet, that's sweetly waiting for your sweet presence.

King. I shall undo thee Eyre only with this,
Alreadie have I been too troublesome,
Say, have I not?

Eyre. O my dear King, Sim Eyre cannot say so; upon a day of shroving which I promist to all the merrie Prentises of London: for an't please you when I was prentise
I bare the water-tankard, and my coat
Sits not a whit the worse upon my back:
And then upon a morning, some mad boyes
(It was Shrove-tuesday, even as 'tis now)
Gave me my breakfast, and I swore then by the stopple of my Tankard, if ever I came to be Lord Mayor of London, I would feast the Prentises. This day my Leige I did it, and the slaves had an hundred Tables five times covered, they are gone home and vanisht.
Yet adde more glorie to the Gentle Trade,
Taste of Eyres Banquet, Simon's happie made.

King. I will taste of thy banquet, and will say,
I have not met more pleasure on a day;
Friends of the Gentle Craft, thankes to you all,
Thankes my kinde Lady Mayresse for our cheer:
Come Lords a while let's revel it at home,
When all our banquetings are done,
We must right wrongs which Frenchmen have begun.

MVSEVM BRITAN

FINIS.